THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DEFENDING TOM MOORE.

Thomas O'Neill Russell, From Far Away Dublin, Takes Issue With M. J. Murphy in Regard to the Famed Poet.

The Attempt of the English to Read Moore Out of the Family of Great Songsters.

I have read with a great deal of interest, but with a great deal more of pain, Mr. M. J. Murphy's article on Moore in your issue of Aug. 3. I have known Mr. Murphy for a long time, and believe him to be a gentleman not only of honor and probity but of truth; and am sure he would be the last to do injury to Ireland or to Moore; but, unfortunately, he has done injury to both, simply because he has allowed himself to be duped by bad and designing men. Like many another honest man, he has been deceived.

Mr. Murphy has evidently great faith in Mr. Villiars Stanford, but I, and many others here "the latches of whose shoes I am not worthy to loose," have very little faith in him. He may be a good musician, although I do not know where he has given any proofs that he is such; but as to his love for Irish music, the following paragraph will tend to show that he does not care very much about it:

When our musical Feis was spoken of, Dr. Annie Patterson, with the best possible intentions, desired that Mr. Villiars Stanford should be its president, and, if he would accept the position, its conductor. He signified his willingness to be president, and a resolution was passed by the committee that has the matter in charge, that Mr. Stanford would be asked to draw up a programme. He did so; but it was no more a programme of Irish music than it was of Hungarian. It included hardly any Irish music as compared with the quantity of foreign music. The committee were astounded, as well they might be. Mr. Stanford's programme was unanimously rejected. He was again communicated with, and very politely told what he had been told before, namely, that it was a programme of purely *Irish* music that was wanted, and he was asked to alter the programme he had sent; but instead of doing what not only an ordinary Irishman and a gentleman would have done, he declined to be president, or to make any alteration in the programme he had submitted. He has no more to do with the Feis, and never will have any more to do with it if I and others who think like me about Moore and Irish music, can prevent him. The members of the Feis committee, among whom are some of the most respectable names in Dublin, know the facts I have stated.

I would respectfully ask Mr. Murphy if he has not pinned his faith in Irish music and in Moore's errors to a rather frail foundation when he has pinned it on Mr. Stanford. I would also ask him if he can, as a musician, be unaware of the all-round attack that has been made on Moore since the enemy found out that his cult was growing in America. The venom with which English (and some Irish) poetasters, musical-doctor-noise-manufacturers, penny-a-line writers in English magazines, and other creatures of their kind, write about Moore, is something astonishing. One says he was only "a drawing-room poet," another that he is nothing but "froth and bubble," and another that he is "insincere." One of such contemptible creatures, and the more contemptible because he was Irish, had the brazen impudence to write to a journal here to say that if the Feis were held on Moore's anniversary, it would so disgust the public that it would be a failure, as Moore's poetry was growing so much into disesteem! The resources that England has at her command for breaking down the spirit of Irish nationality are almost infinite. Just now, all her efforts seem concentrated to extinguish the cult of Moore. It is very curious that up to about twelve or fourteen years ago, there was nothing, or next to nothing, said against Moore; but now he has become a regular *bete noir* to England and her miserable tools on this side of the Channel. The cause of this is easily understood. Moore was not heretofore appreciated by the Irish masses as he should have been. He was too high for them. As I have said more than once, he sang above the clouds, and they heard not his aerial symphonies. But the masses are being educated; they are beginning to understand the marvellous genius of Moore; hence the danger, and the desire on the part of our loyal snobs, emasculated music doctors, and petty poetasters to belie and belittle him.

Mr. Stanford says in the preface to his so-called correct edition of Moore, that there is "hardly one of the Melodies that Moore has not altered, and consequently spoilt." I brand this as a falsehood of the most infamous kind. It is Mr. Stanford who has altered and spoiled them. I got some of his versions of the best known of the Melodies played for me, and I would hardly know them from the music of the Zulus. I can safely say that almost all Dublin musicians except those who are hopelessly un-Irish in feeling, regard Mr. Stanford's mangled melodies with supreme contempt. Dr. P. W. Joyce is the greatest living authority on Irish music. He has been a collector of it for nearly fifty years. He does not believe that Moore made any serious alterations in the Melodies; he thinks that in the various settings of them which exist, he found some settings that were the same, or nearly the same, as those he adopted. Dr. Joyce has more than once told me that when a mere boy he heard at least a dozen of the airs to which Moore has put words, sung by old peasant men and women who had never even heard of Moore, and the airs were the same as those given in the Melodies. If ever there lived a man of more spotless purity of character, of more scrupulous literary honor than Moore, the world has yet to hear of him. He never was known to tell even a white lie. He has said of his country's music—

"I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And *all* the wild sweetness I waked was thine own."

I would believe the word of Moore, and the testimony of Dr. Joyce, before the combined oaths of all the music doctors on the face of the earth. I do not include Doctor Annie Patterson.

For the information of Mr. Murphy and the general public, I will state what appears to have been all the foundation that Mr. Stanford has had for his idea that Moore altered all, or nearly all, of the Melodies The well known Dr. Petrie left an immense mass of manuscript music behind him. It contains almost all Bunting's collections, and almost all the melodies to which Moore has set words. Some of the airs have half a dozen different settings; almost all of them have more than one setting. Mr. Stanford has had access to this collection. He has picked out those airs that have settings different from those given them by Moore, and has had the effrontery to say that Moore spoiled them. I would take Moore's judgment as to the proper setting of an air, before I'd take Mr. Stanford's.

I beg to differ entirely from what Mr. Murphy says about the "storm of wrath" Moore brought on himself at the time of the publication of the Melodies. They were received with immense delight. They excited no storm of wrath. They were about a dozen years in coming out. Moore received £100 apiece for them. £12,800 in all. If they created "a storm of wrath" would Power, their publisher, have, for ten or twelve years continued to pay £100 apiece for them? Mr. Murphy has gone a little too far here.

Mr. Stanford might as well try to blow up the Hill of Howth with a pound of powder as to try and turn the Irish people against Moore. They will never accept any version of the Melodies but his; and when Mr. Stanford and the airs he has spoiled shall be as forgotten as the Mound Builders and their arts, the Melodies of Moore will be as loved and as popular as they are today.

T. O. RUSSELL.

THE RALLY FOR IRELAND.

(*Northwestern Catholic, Oct. 5.*)

The convention of Irish-American Nationalists which assembled at Chicago last week, concluded its labors on the night of Sept. 27. Those who looked forward to that convention with anxiety and misgiving may reflect upon its labors with gratification. The proceedings were brave without blatancy, dignified, sensible and orderly. Whatever be the future of the new movement, it was splendidly and happily inaugurated. Above the clamor of the factionists and whig politicians rises once again the voice of real nationality, the reassertion of a nation's right and a renewal of the contest to achieve it.

It will now be in order for the English press and its pro-British echo in America to befoul the character and motives of every man conspicuous in the new movement. They will be accused of seeking to sell themselves in American politics, and of pocketing the wages of servant girls. These unsavory attacks ought to be left to the avowed enemies of Ireland.

However pleasant or profitable may seem the lot of the man who sincerely loves Ireland and truly seeks to serve her cause, in the matter of wordly success, in America as well as Ireland, "It is treason to love her and death to defend." There is neither money nor glory in the service of Ireland, and the man who seeks to serve her is at least entitled to the charitable forbearance of his kindred in America.

There are a great many pretentiously pious Catholics who would rather abuse the priest than pay their pew rent; and there are countless thousands of so-called Irish who would rather echo the chorus of the English press than give time or money to the cause of Ireland. These are the dough-faces, the jelly-fish Irish, out of whose ancestors the souls were crushed by penal laws, rack-renting and starvation; into whose heads the true history of their heroic race never entered, and whose estimate of Irish character and aspiration is based upon their conception of the professional Irishman as they have seen him in the caucus or the barroom. But there are other Irishmen, for whom the lamp of learning was never entirely extinguished; who by force or by subterfuge kept enough from the enemy to preserve the blood in their own hearts and the souls in their own bodies; and whose fathers, "with rash resolve and single arm," defended their cabins against the redcoat and the yeoman. To this latter class of Irishmen in every generation the crushed and conquered thousands owe the preservation of their stock, and on them the race must still rely for any good to be accomplished for Ireland. About all that we would dare to ask from the others is a dignified neutrality. If you cannot help those who are doing the best they can for Ireland, do not help the enemy by venting your miserable partisan malice or echoing the bitter lies of the London press against men like Fineriy and O'Donovan Rossa.

Surrender for yourself if you will. Say to the world, if you please, that you yourself, are too utterly mean to risk an effort or a dollar for Ireland; tell those who sneer at your faith and race that your birth was an accident and your blood a misfortune. But you do not represent the soul and spirit, the hopes or aspirations of the Irish race. There are millions of men and women scattered wherever the drum-beat of Britain is heard, and wherever a suspicious sun declines to trust her in the dark. To the eyes and hearts of those millions the cause of Ireland is neither dead nor dying. "The spirit of a nation never dies." To them the island home of their ancestors is still an island nation, set aside in the beginning by the hand of God, separate and apart from Britain. She may be poor and ragged and in chains; but they are unwilling to surrender her eternally to the despoiler. They renew the claim asserted by twenty preceding generations. They may be doomed to defeat, as their fathers were; but their effort will at least preserve the national claim and transmit it to another generation. The rights of a nation are not barred by the statutes of limitation. The immediate future of Europe is pregnant with great possibilities. Those who love Ireland will stand prepared for the parturition. Be whatever the prospect and whatever be the result, by every sacred impulse that animates the heart of man the struggle of the centuries must be renewed.

KELLY OF KILLORAN.

A. D. 1691.

BY GERALD CONN PELLY.

"Whither away on the wings of night,
My Kelly of Killoran?
With thy sabre agleam in the moon's pale light,
Brave Kelly of Killoran.
And wherefore gather from hill and glen
To thy bugle call the hurrying men?
A fond maid longs to clasp thee again,
Loved Kelly of Killoran!"

A clinging kiss and and a long embrace,
And Kelly of Killoran,
Wistfully gazed on a fair young face—
The Lily of Killoran!
"Love of my heart!" he whispered low,
"Athlone is held by the foreign foe;
With Sarsfield's men, for Ballinasloe
We march from old Killoran!"

The dim morn robed in a sombre grey
Found Kelly of Killoran,
With Clanrickardo's band in bright array—
The flower of famed Killoran!
Over Aughrim's hill the dawn-beams shone,
And the mid-day sun saw brave deeds done,
And a red sword, aye, waving proudly on—
'Twas Kelly's of Killoran.

Alas! the close of that summer day!
My grief! alas, Killoran!
When their last wild charge pointed victory's way,
With cheers for old Killoran,
What a ghastly sight checked the foeman's speed—
A headless corpse on a maddened steed—
A conquering army with none to lead!
Weep, weep thy fate, Killoran!

Grimly guarding the Pass of Urachree
Stood Kelly of Killoran,
With his brave band scorning to yield or flee—
Fierce war-hounds of Killoran!
Thro' the narrow pass swept the bullet rain,
And a red-blood stream tracked the heroes slain;
Yet the hot guns flashed on the foe once again
From thy death-daring sons, Killoran!

A pale moon silvers lone Urachree—
Now count thy dead, Killoran!
The brave, dead faces are plain to see,
Sad Lily of Killoran!
And there, in the midst of his faithful band,
Who died in the fight for the dear old land,
With his sabre grasped in his red right hand,
Lies thy Kelly of Killoran!

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

THE IRISH MONKS.

Their Work as Missionaries on the Continent of Europe—The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture.

A Graphic Narrative of Early Christian Endeavor.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

(CONCLUDED FROM SEPT. 21.)

Zimmer tells us that the standard of learning in these colleges was higher than even at Rome, and gives reasons to support the assertion. He then traces the work of the Irish missionaries from the expedition of Columba, who, in 563, left Ireland with twelve confederates and founded a monastery on a small island off the coast of Iona off Scotland and gives excellent accounts of the labors of Columbanus in France and Italy to the death of the saint at Bobbio, near Milan, Gallus, or St. Gall, among the Allemanni, and other missionaries who spent their lives in educating and converting the barbarians of Europe. We find these Irish soldiers of the cross the honored guests of royal personages, teaching under the patronage of kings and receiving as pupils not only the noblest but the most learned men of the countries they visited. Charlemagne received them with open arms and in looking back over the latter half of his reign, and those of his immediate successors, we find the names of numerous Irish scholars. As in the early part of the seventh century, the Merovingian kings welcomed the Irish apostles who spread Christianity and the first elements of culture among the German tribes, so in the ninth century, in schools and monasteries all over France, the Carlovingian kings employed Irish monks as teachers of writing, and tutors in grammar, logic, rhetoric, astronomy and arithmetic.

Among the scholars of Charlemagne's court, we read in the writings of Theodulf, a Spaniard, of a certain Irish monk who lived in constant enmity with Theodulf. Dungal, this Irishman, whose name is unknown, also patronized by Charlemagne, is attributed an epic poem, written in 787 to celebrate Charlemagne's victory over Thassilo, Grand Duke of Bavaria. The same "Irish Exile" (Hibernicus exul) as he calls himself, addressed several poems to Charlemagne as "Kaiser," by which we judge that the "Irish Exile" must have been the sobriquet of a well known and distinguished personage at court.

Another Irish scholar named Clemens, is mentioned by a monk of St. Gall as arriving at Charlemagne's court about the end of the ninth century. Clemens was tutor to the future Emperor Lothaire, and continued his labors in the court seminary after Charlemagne's death. His fame was so great that the Abbot Ratgar, of Fulda, sent Modestus and some of the best pupils from the seminary of Fulda to study grammar under the Irish monk.

Dungal was another Irish savant who was employed by Charlemagne and his successors. He probaly went to France at the same time with Clemens, and seems to have enjoyed a high reputation as an astronomer, having, at Charlemagne's suggestion, written a scientific report upon two solar eclipses which had taken place during the preceding year. During the early part of his stay in France he lived at St. Denis; afterward we find him at the monastery of St. Augustine, in Pavia, Upper Italy, where he was directed by Charlemagne to form and superintend a class of ambitious young students. By a bull issued by Lothaire the First in 823 he was appointed to a high position in the Academy at Pavia, to which pupils from Milan, Brescia, Lodi, Bergamo, Vercelli, Genoa and Como were sent.

The monastery of Bobio, not far from Pavia, where Dungal ended his days, was founded by his famous compatriot, Columbanus. This monastery was situated in a retired gorge of the Apennines, and its school and library rank among the most celebrated of the Middle Ages. Its manuscripts prove the high scholarship and deep research of the Irish missionories. Even modern learning owes something to this library. We have a catalogue made in the tenth century of the manuscripts belonging to this monastery, forty of which are mentioned as "presented to the monastery of St. Columbanus by the distinguished Irish scholar, Dungal;" and at the present day some of these are to be seen in the *Ambrosiana*, at Milan, dedicated in Dungal's own handwriting, and in which he speaks of himself as "belonging to" the monastery of Bobio.

Another Irish scholar, Dicuil, lived at the Carlovingian court at the same time with Dungal, and undoubtedly filled a position at the same institution. Through his works we know him as a grammarian and arithmetician, as well as an astronomer and geographer. In 811-816 he produced an entirely new treatise upon astronomy, and in 825, at an advanced age, a well known text-book of geography, for some scientific facts of which he was indebted to contemporary travelers. This book gave the first authentic information about the Faroe Islands, which had been visited by Irish hermits more than a century before, and he has the first reliable information in regard to Iceland, knowledge which he obtained thirty years before from Irish priests who remained there from February to August. Equal to Dicuil as to the extent of his general knowledge, but far surpassing him in originality of thought, was his compatriot Johannes Scotus Erigena. The greatest thinker of his age, his philosophical works mark an epoch in the world's literature, in the opinion of many modern critics.

Contemporary with Johannes Scotus Erigena, we find another able Irish scholar working in France—Sedulius Scotus. He was employed at Liege, as teacher, from 840 to 860, and soon after died in Milan. From the poems of Sedulius, we learn that many of his countrymen, "learned grammarians," were also at Liege, one of whom, Cruindmel, left behind him a grammatical treatise of importance. Mrs. Lee, in a footnote, tells that in Vienna there is a copy of the "Life of St. Columba," a manuscript of Sedulius, written in double columns with red initial letters.

Irish scholars were also laboring among the Eastern Franks, the Banarians and Allemanni. One of them, named Virgil, was Bishop of Salzburg, from 743 to 784. He had been abbot of Agbadoe, in Ireland, but, on going to France, was recommended by Pepin, to Odilo, Grand Duke of Bavara, to fill the See of Salsburg. Virgil was probably the first to promulgate the idea that the sun and moon revolved around the earth and that the latter must have inhabitants on its nether side. Irish annals give Virgil the surname of "geometrician."

Dobda, or Dobdagrecus, a companion of Virgil, possibly deriving the latter name from his knowledge of Greek, was also a teacher at Salzburg.

In the German monastery of Rheinau, a few miles beyond Schaffhausen, we find in the ninth century, an account of a famous Irishman, Findan.

Prof. Zimmer leads on from one age to another, from one land to another, giving brief yet succinct sketches of the work of the monks, whose missionary ardor led them far from their native land to fight the battles of the Cross and learning. His proofs are convincing and all his assertions carry with them an air of truth and conviction. In the latter part of the work he reviews the scattering and destruction of the ancient monastic manuscripts and traces many of them to the diffeent museums and libraries of the world; and in ending he has this to say:

"In conclusion, we can form, in fact, from the preceding sketches, a complete representation of Ireland's part in the development of general culture from the seventh to the eleventh century.

"The German tribes combining together had finally succeeded, after many vain onslaughts, in undermining the Roman Empire by mere brute force. The conquerors willingly accepted what ancient culture they found established in the lands they had become masters of, but not being capable of carrying it on they dragged those vanquished Roman provinces down with them into the quagmires of barbarism into which, at the end of the sixth century, the whole West seems to have been hopelessly sunk.

"Only on the 'Emerald Isle' had ancient culture found a secure footing and an asylum; here bloomed and flourished a Christianity which swayed the hearts and minds of the people—a Christianity which was not consciously in opposition to that of Rome, but at the same time was quite independent of the Roman hierarchy and of Roman intolerence; and the supporters of this religion, the priestly leaders of the people, held firmly to the doctrines of the great fathers of the church, Ambrosius and Augustine, with equal reverence for the ancient classics.

"Such was the country which sent forth numerous apostles at the end of the sixth century and at the beginning of the seventh, to settle in the Merovingian kingdom of the Franks and among other German tribes, to establish missionary stations in which the noblest secular culture was fostered in conjunction with Christianity. The Carlovingian kingdom was fully converted from heathenism at the time that these Irish scholars came there and labored strenuously to spread among the various German and Roman peoples the most precious treasures of classical learning in the spirit of an enlightened Christianity.

"The opinion of the most able writer on the Carlovingian period, in regard to one representative of that time (Dummler's article on Alcuin in the 'General German Biography'), may, with some modifications, be held, concerning all these men—viz: that, among them all, not one was distinguished for remarkable originality with the single exception of Johannes Scotus Erigena, and that the reputation of having opened up strictly new paths to knowledge cannot certainly be claimed for them. However, they were instructors in every new branch of science and learning of the time, possessors and bearers of a higher culture than was at that period to be found anywhere on the Continent, and can surely claim to have been the pioneers—to have laid the cornerstone of Western culture on the Continent, the rich results of which Germany shares and enjoys today, in common with all other civilized nations."

In compiling such a work as this, Prof. Zimmer has laid a laurel wreath on the tomb of ancient Irish learning; he has paid a beautiful tribute to the erudition and energy of those monastic missionaries who, in spreading the light of Christianity through the darkness of the Middle Ages, carried the fame of the Irish colleges all over Europe; and lastly, he has conferred a lasting benefit on that unfortunate country whose sons are not allowed to vindicate her cause before the world, for her cause is not fashionable. Too much praise cannot be extended to Mrs. Edmunds for the care she has taken with the translation of the work into English and for her efforts to enhance its interest and make its meaning more plain by the copious notes she has introduced throughout the book. The value of the work is too obvious to need any comment. It costs one dollar and can be had from the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, No. 27 West Twenty-third street, New York.

THE POPE'S MASS.

Centra's (the Pope's personal attendant) first task is to assist the Pope in putting on the white woolen cassock, arranging the gold chain over his shoulders and fastening the pectoral cross in front. Then the pontiff kneels at the prie-dieu in his room and reads the prayers before mass. This finished, he moves into the next apartment with a lighter step than might be expected from his years and cares. The room is arranged as an oratory with an altar and vesting-table, and benches for the few faithful who are fortunate enough to secure admission to the Pope's mass. Mgr. Gagiano da Azevedo or Mgr. Bisletti (his private chaplains) is there to assist him in vesting, and in a few minutes he is at the foot of the altar. You can hear the strong, resonant voice beginning the Introibo and see the bent form bending lower still, as he strikes his breast and owns the triple mea cupla of sinful humanity.

You know Pope Leo better afte hearing him say mass once, then after a dozen private audiences. His whole character speaks out in every tone of the liturgy, in every movement of the rubrics. Every syllable of the Latin comes to your ear with its own meaning, and with Leo's feeling of it, and no young levite straining after preciseness in every detail of his first mass could observe the prescribed rules of movement, gesture, and voice more faithfully than does the priest of the Vatican. He does indeed deviate in one respect—when, moving from the centre of the altar to the side, he supports himself by resting his hand on the altar—a solitary and necessary concession to old age.

To the same old age you must ascribe the fact that the Pope's low mass takes nearer three-quarters than half an hour. When he leaves the altar, the chaplain is ready to begin his mass and the Pope, unvested, kneels at a faldstool near the gospel side to make his thanksgiving. For a few minutes he reads the prayers after mass from a book held for him by one of the attendants; then his face is buried in the red cushion of the faldstool, and through the stillness, broken only by the prayers and responses of the mass or the turning of a prayer-book leaf, there rises every now and then a voice [illegible] filling the whole chapel and making you feel as if you saw the whole burden of the Catholic world weighing on the feeble shoulders of the old man. Before that prie-dieu, where a man is lamenting that he is Pope, where a Pope begs Him whose vicar he is to have pity on his weakness, you realize the crushing weight of that office which the medieval illuminators represented with a cathedral on its shoulders and the dragons of hell at its feet.—*Bernard Morgan, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

LIFE SAVERS' PERIL.

THEIR BOAT CAPSIZES WHILE MAKING A RESCUE.

Several Men Disabled and the Life Boat Made Useless—Volunteers Help Save the Balance of the Castaways—An Unreliable Government Light—Other Boats Caught.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 30. — The steam barge Kershaw and schooners Moonlight and Kent went ashore on Choclay beach four miles east of Marquette at 4 o'clock in the morning while trying to make this harbor. The schooners were driven high on the sand beach and will weather the storm. The steam barge was driven on a reef nearly a mile from shore and broke in two in the middle, the bow being washed away. The other half of the boat is still on the rocks, with a furious sea beating against it. The life-saving crew reached the wreck at about 5 o'clock and took off nine of the crew. Returning to get the other four men of the crew the boat capsized, and the life-saving crew had a narrow escape from death.

Remainder of the Crew Rescued.

When they reached shore half of them were disabled from cold, one of them was nearly dead, and the boat was so damaged as to be disabled. Another boat was manned at the station with part of the life-saving crew and the balance volunteers, who reached the wreck at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and rescued four men who were in a yawl attached to the wreck by a cable, and in a perilous situation. The harbor light here was extinguished by the storm during the night, which was partly the reason why the boats could not round the breakwater. The crew of the barge and the life saving station crew suffered severely from the cold.

Other Lake Boats in Trouble.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—Destructive gales swept Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron Saturday and Saturday night and cost the shipping interests a heavy sum in wreckage. Marine disasters were numerous, among them being the following: The Robert L. Fryer, steamer, owned by Mitchell & Co., of Cleveland, sunk in the Sault Ste. Marie by the steamer Corsica; M. F. Wilcox, schooner, reported ashore at Death's Door entrance to Green Bay; Ida A. Olsen, schooner, owned by Captain John Freer, of Chicago, ashore at Naubinway, Mich., and abandoned; Skylark, schooner, owned by Captain John Freer, of Chicago, ashore at Naubinway, Mich., and abandoned: Corsica, steambarge, seriously damaged by collision with the Robert L. Fryer at the Sault Ste. Marie; barge now laid up at the Soo for repairs.

STURGEON BAY, Wis., Sept. 30.—The tow barges Sam Flint and A. C. Maxwell went ashore at Hedgehog harbor, Death's Door passage in the northwest blow. Both vessels are on hard botton, but resting easily, having yet no water in them.

FOUNDERED WITH ALL HANDS.

Another Vessel Goes Down in the Storm on the Lakes.

DULUTH, Oct. 1.—The schooner Elma is reported foundered with all hands lost in Munising bay. She carried a crew of eight. She is owned by Warre, of Tonawanda. The only names of those on board obtainable are: Captain John Thurston, wife and child. The captain of the Badger State arriving at the Sault says the schooner Chester B. Jones is above Whitefish point and will go to pieces. The tug Boynton has gone to Whitefish to try and rescue the Jones. Her crew have probably been taken off by the Vermillion Point life-saving crew, which went to her.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—Two and perhaps more of the crew of the schooner John Raber were drowned last night when the vessel grounded near Whiting, Ind. Their names are not known.

Ex-Senator Mahone Stricken.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—Ex-Senator Mahone, of Virginia, has suffered a stroke of paralysis at his room at Chamberlin's hotel. His physicians have been in consultation and think his chances of recovery very doubtful. The relatives of the ex-senator have been summoned by telegraph. The entire right side of the sufferer is paralyzed, including the right arm and leg. He is unable to speak except a few inarticulate sounds. He has maintained consciousness, however, and seeks as best he can to assist those who are ministering to his comfort.

Ohio Democratic Campaign Opened.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 30.—Fine weather and a big crowd were the features of the opening of the state Democratic campaign here. Ex-Governor Campbell was the principal orator. He devoted much of his speech to state affairs. On the money question he stood by the Democratic national platform of 1892, and opposed Republican "tinkering" with the tariff. He was radical on the Monroe doctrine and wanted it applied and maintained, especially with regard to British movements in South America and on the Alaska boundary question.

Gen. Miles to Succeed Schofield.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—There is now no longer any doubt that Major General Nelson A. Miles is to succeed Lieutenant General Schofield in the office of commander-in-chief of the United States army. General Miles made a statement of the fact last night, saying that he was informed of President Cleveland's determination to appoint him on Friday last by Secretary of War Lamont, whom he met in this city by special appointment at the Metropolitan club.

Baltimore Wins the Pennant.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—With the games that are to be played this afternoon the National League base ball season ends. The standing of the first four clubs was fixed by the games yesterday, although the winner was named Saturday. Baltimore will fly the pennant, and the next three are Cleveland, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Governor Morrill a Sick Man.

TOPEKA, Sept. 27.—Governor Morrill, who was taken ill while at the Chickamagua celebration, has grown worse since his return to Topeka and has left for his Hiawatha residence to rest under his physician's care. The governor is said to be a very sick man.

Insulted General Schofield.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Major Armes, retired, arrested by order of Lieutenant General Schofield, has been released from prison on a writ of habeas corpus. He was arrested for writing an insulting letter to the general. The writ is returnable next Saturday.

CHICAGO FOR CUBA.

Two Great Meetings Held and Resolutions Adopted.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—As much of the population of Chicago as could find entrance to the auditoriums of the Central Music hall and Young Men's Christian Association building last night shouted itself hoarse in approbation of a series of resolutions in which the United States is asked to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Such genuine enthusiasm has seldom been witnessed in this city, and on no occasion were words spoken by men more full of the heart and soul of the speakers. Mayor George B. Swift presided at the main meeting in Central Music hall and Judge William A. Vincent was chairman of the overflow meeting in the Association building. Seventy-five vice presidents, who occupied seats on platforms, were chosen from among the leading business men of the city, and each one of them had previously expressed himself as in full accord with the object of the meetings.

Before the speaking began copies of telegrams from a number of gentlemen who could not be present were read. The first of these was from Governor John P. Altgeld, and its ringing words, called forth cheer after cheer. Among representative men present were presidents with the committees from the following organizations: Loyal Legion, Confederate association, Grand Army of the Republic, Naval Veterans, Society of Sons of the Revolution, Illinois State Federation of Labor, twenty-five labor organizations, Standard club, Marquette club, Kenwood club, Bankers' club, Oakland club, Illinois club, Menoken club, Italian residents, Scandinavian, German, Bohemian, Irish, Greek and African societies. All the speakers addressed both meetings. They were Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, W. J. Hynes, Rev. P. S. Henson, John Mayo Palmer, Thomas B. Bryan, William E. Mason, and E. B. Sherman.

When Conzales de Quesada, secretary of the Cuban revolutionary party of the United States, and Q. A. Zayas, another prominent Cuban, stepped upon the platform at Central Music hall the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and it was some minutes before order was restored. At this meeting Eugene Kauffer played for the first time in public his new march, "Cuba Libre," introducing the Cuban national air. Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas read the resolutions, which were adopted as by one mighty voice.

DEATH OF LOUIS PASTEUR.

The Great French Bacteriologist Passes Away in His 73d Year.

PARIS, Sept. 30.—Professor Louis Pasteur, the eminent bacteriologist, died here Saturday evening at 5 o'clock. M. Pasteur died at Garches near St. Cloud, in the environs of this city. Professor Louis Pasteur had suffered from paralysis

DR. PASTEUR.

for a considerable period of time. The end was absolutely without pain. His wife devotedly watched his bedside to the last. Professor Louis Pasteur had been gradually falling in health for some months and recently the French papers announced the beginning of the end.

Louis Pasteur was born at Dole, Jura, Dec. 27, 1822, entered the university in 1840, and took the degree of doctor in 1847. He rapidly rose on his profession and received many honors. He was author of many works in bacteriology in which science he gained his fame, his success in a system of inoculation for the prevention of rabies being well known in this country.

"CLIMBED DOWN" IN A HURRY.

John Bull's Ultimatum Brings Ah Sin to Terms, in a Measure.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—A dispatch from Pekin to Reuter's agency confirms the news given out by the British foreign office that a decree has already been published in the Pekin Official Gazette, ordering that Liu, viceroy of Sze-Chuen, be stripped of his rank for failing to protect the missionaries in his district, and that he be not permitted to again hold office.

British Yacht Again Beaten.

CENTRE ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The international challenge cup offered by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht club, of New York, for half-raters, has been successfully defended by the Ethelwynn, which defeated the Spruce IV in the fifth and last race of the series, making three races for the American boat. She won the last race by 9 minutes and 44 seconds.

Nominated by Jersey Democrats.

TRENTON, Sept. 27.—The New Jersey Democratic convention met here and nominated Chancellor Alex. E. McGill, of Hudson county, for governor, only one vote being necessary, and the nomination being made unanimous. The platform is a standard Democratic document and is for tariff reform, against free silver, and indorses the national administration.

He Is Bound to Stop That Fight.

AUSTIN, Tex., Sept. 27.—The governor has just called a special session of the legislature to take action on prize fighting. The legislature is to convene Oct. 1 for the purpose of passing an anti-prize fight law that will knock out the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

Coming Over to See His Best Girl.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 30.—Aldmeric Hugh Paget, whose engagement to Miss Whitney, daughter of ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, was recently announced, is a passenger on board the Cunard line steamer Lucania for New York.

Northern Pacific Receivers Retire.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 28.—The resignations of the Northern Pacific receivers have been accepted and at 10 o'clock this morning Judge Jenkins will appoint their successors or successor.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

DECATUR, Ills., Sept. 30.—Charles Smith, at the house of his father-in-law, Peter Buchert, fatally wounded his 7-year-old child and instantly killed his sister-in-law, Edna Buchert. He tried to kill his wife, but missed her. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have separated, but he had occasionally come to see the child. While with wife and child he suddenly drew a revolver and shot the child, the bullet lodging under the ear. His wife ran and he followed, firing. He missed her, but a bullet entered his sister-in-law's breast and she died instantly. The wife was unhurt.

Smith was arrested about three blocks away. Mrs. Smith says she does not know the reason of Smith's attack, as they had not quarreled. She is now almost crazy. Smith, who is known by the nickname of "Pacer," is a base ball player of local prominence. He has been in many drunken rows and has a bad reputation. His wife left him five years ago because of his failure to support her.

STATE FAIR OF ILLINOIS.

Greater Success Financially This Year Than in Any Previous Year.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 30.—The second annual exhibition of the Illinois State fair on its permanent grounds here has closed after the most successful week in the history of the state fair. The exhibits have been larger, attendance greater and premiums more liberal than any other fair held in the west. The receipts for admissions will reach $41,000, against $33,000 last year. It is estimated that 90,000 people visited the grounds during the week. The total receipts this year will be about $85,000, against $54,000 last year, the largest previous year, and $42,000 for 1889 at Peoria, the largest year previous to last year.

Baughman et Al. Acquitted.

LEWISTOWN, Ills., Sept. 28.—The jury in the cases of Oscar Baughman, Ellis Brown and Frank Henry, charged with burning the Fulton county court house, rendered a verdict of not guilty in open court yesterday. Judge Orr ruled that as the alleged confessions of defendants had been secured partly through fear and partly through hope they could not be admitted. No arguments were made. Farley and Clark, the Chicago detectives, will be tried for kidnaping at the December term of court.

Alix Goes Lame at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 28.—Yesterday was "Springfield and Commercial Travelers Day" at the Illinois State fair, and 40,000 people were present. Alix was sent against the world's trotting record of 2:03¾, but cast a boot at the first quarter, making her lame, and finished in 2:13¾. McDowell, the driver of Alix, says she has dislocated her "whirlbone" and will probably be unable to race again this year.

Illinois Veterans in Reunion.

EARLVILLE, Ills., Sept. 27.—The veterans of the Fourth Illinois cavalry met here to celebrate the twenty-sixth annual reunion. P. W. Wilcox, of Mendota, and others made addresses in the afternoon and evening. The meeting next year will be at Minonk, Ills. Officers elected: Colonel M. R. M. Wallace, president, and George A. Phillips, secretary-treasurer.

Illinois Populists Nominate.

LITCHFIELD, Sept. 27.—The Populists of this, the Eighteenth, district met here to nominate a candidate for congressman to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Fred C. Remann. All the counties—Bond, Fayette, Moultrie, Montgomery and Shelby—were represented. After a few speeches G. S. Culp, of Shelby county, was nominated by acclamation.

Decided to Demand Forty Cents.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 1.—The miners of the Springfield district met in convention in this city, State President James O'Connor presiding, and twenty-one out of the twenty-eight mines in the district being represented. It was decided by unanimous vote to demand 40 cents per ton, gross weight, after Oct. 5. If refused there will be a strike.

Illinois Physician Paralyzed.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 30.—Dr. Benjamin M. Griffith, member of the state board of health, and one of the most prominent physicians in Illinois, was stricken with paralysis and congestion of the brain in front of his office. He remained unconscious for several hours. He is improving and hopes for his recovery are expressed.

Will "Burgle" No More for Twenty Years.

QUINCY, Ills., Oct. 1.—Daniel Lyons, a colored desperado, shot and captured by the Davenport police last April, has been convicted and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for committing a series of nineteen burglaries here in March.

Drowned in the River at Rockford.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Oct. 1.—Leonard Preston, a popular young bank clerk, and George Ashbrook, of Janesville, Wis., were drowned in the river here by the capsizing of a canoe.

Dastard Promptly Indicted.

DECATUR, Ills., Oct. 1.—Two indictments against Charles N. Smith for murdering his daughter, Louise, and sister-in-law, Edna Buchert, have been returned by the grand jury.

State Items.

Creditors of the Peoria, Ills., rolling mill, which failed a year ago and passed into the hands of a receiver, say that preparations are being made for the resumption of operations in a few weeks.

John L. Dodge has begun suit for $35,000 against the Graham Cotton company at Rockford, Ills.

The Negro league, recently organized in Peoria, Ills., is to be extended to all the cities of the state.

Hess & Hopkins' collar and flynet factory at Rockford, Ills., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $20,000.

Dr. B. M. Griffith, of Springfield, Ills., who suffered an attack of paralysis, is greatly improved.

While William Sweeney of Freeport, Ills., was gathering nuts he fell a distance of twenty feet from a tree. Death resulted instantly from a broken neck.

The pope held a brilliant reception as an offset to the national fetes, and declared that it was impossible to speak of a reconciliation with Italy until the rights of the church had been restored.

1895 OCTOBER. 1895

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

DEEP WATERWAYS CONVENTION.

Lively Discussion of the Question of Lowering the Level of the Lakes.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 28.—The Deep Waterways convention listened to a large number of papers yesterday on matters of interest to the delegates. A number of resolutions were offered, among them being one by President William Livingston, of the Lake Carriers' association, calling upon congress to take immediate steps to increase the width of the channal of the Detroit river at the Lime Kiln crossing to not less than 300 feet. Another, presented by Hon. H. W. Seymour, of Sault Ste Marie, recommended that the entire subject of lake levels be referred to the international commission to be appointed by the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Near the close of the day's session a lively discussion was precipitated by Captain Drake, of Buffalo, who referred to the probable lowering of the lake level by the opening of the drainage canal declaring that the lowering of the water would mean a loss of carrying capacity equal to twenty tons an inch for all modern lake vessels. The springing of that subject was sufficient to arouse loud calls for Engineer Cooley, of the Chicago canal. Cooley defended the Chicago project, facing considerable opposition to do it, but the discussion soon terminated.

At the evening session Isham Randolph, engineer of the Chicago drainage canal, read a paper describing the work on that great project, illustrating it with stereopticon views. The question: "Is a Type of Vessel to Navigate Fresh and Salt Waters Practicable?" was discussed by Joseph R. Oldham, of this city, in a carefully prepared paper.

There were also short addresses by President Frank Wenter, of the Chicago drainage canal trustees, and Alexander McDougall, the builder of the whalebacks.

TERRIBLE MINING ACCIDENT.

Six Men Smothered to Death and Four Others Badly Hurt.

LEADVILLE, Colo., Sept. 27.—There has been an explosion at the Belgian mine and the ground caved in. There are fifteen men under ground. It is impossible to reach them. The Belgian is located about five miles from Leadville in Adelaide park.

LATER.—The worst accident that ever occurred in this camp happened about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Belgian mine, resulting in the death of six miners and injuring four others. The dead are: J. H. Gray, John Hamill, Clark McGinniss, John Beggs, Chris Phillips and Ed Kuhn. The injured are: J. H. Reynolds, James Baxter, Alex Parker and John Waters.

Ethelwynn Wins the Fourth.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Sept. 28.—The fourth race between the English challenger the Spruce IV and the Ethelwynn was sailed yesterday on Long Island sound and won by the Ethelwynn, beating the Spruce 1 minute and 22 seconds. This makes two wins for each boat.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.

Money on call easy 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4½@5½ per cent.; Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 483½@488¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 488@488½ and 489@489½; commercial bills, 483½@487.

Silver certificates, 67¼; sales $10,000; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds irregular with 2's registered ½ per cent. up, new 4's reg., 122½; do. coupons, 123½; 5's reg., 113¾; 5's coupons, 113¾; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 97 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 100 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 62¾c, closed 62¼c; December, opened 63⅝c, closed 63½c; May, opened 67¼c, closed 67½c. Corn — September, opened 31½c, closed 31c; October, opened 31c, closed 31c; December, opened 28⅝c, closed 28⅝; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29¼c. Oats—September, opened 19½c, closed 18½c; October, opened 19c, closed 18½c; May, opened 21½c, closed 20½c. Pork — September, nominal, closed $8.42½; January, opened $9.70, closed $9.62½. Lard—September nominal, closed $5.90; October, opened $5.85, closed $5.90.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 17c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15@15½c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 16c per lb; old hens, 8½c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 6@7c; ducks, 9½@10c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Fair to choice, 24@28 per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.00@1.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb. section, new stock, 15@16c; brown comb, 10@12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.

Live Stock — Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 25,000; sales ranged at $2.40@4.30 pigs, $3.90@4.40 light, $3.75@3.90 rough packing, $3.90@4.40 mixed, and $4.00@4.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; quotations ranged at $3.00@5.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@4.90 good to choice do., $3.95@4.45 fair to good, $4.00@4.10 common to medium do., $3.35@3.80 butchers' steers, $3.20@3.05 stockers, $3.10@3.85 feeders, $1.50@3.50 cows, $2.40@3.75 heifers, $1.75@3.50 bulls, $2.75@3.80 Texas steers, $2.90@4.15 western range steers, and $3.00@3.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 23,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.30 westerns, $1.75@2.50 Texas, $1.75@3.65 natives, and $2.60@4.75 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Sept. 30.

Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; market strong; good Yorkers, mediums and heavy, $4.70; pigs, $4.60@4.70. Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; best export steers, $5.25@5.50; fair to good do., $4.75@5.15; best 1,200@1,300-lb shipping steers, $4.60@4.90; heavy coarse do., $4.00@4.25. Sheep and Lambs Receipts, 17,500.; sheep market steady; prospect better; best export sheep, $4.00@4.25; fair to good do., $3.75; best other sheep $2.00@2.75; handy selected wethers, $3.00; best lambs, $4.25@4.50; few extra, $4.60; fair to good do., $4.60. Best calves—$7.00@8.50.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Sept. 25.

Lieutenant Cassarts, of the Belgian army, was eaten by cannibals in a remote part of Congo state.

The First Presbyterian church of Washington has extended a formal call to Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Harry Wright, the veteran base ball manager and umpire, is dangerously ill with pneumonia at Atlantic City, N. J.

James McGinnes, a brakeman on the Chicago and West Michigan road, has fallen heir to $750,000, left by his brother, who died at Cincinnati.

James Glandy, a mate on the steamer Narragansett, was struck by a Belt Line engine at Chicago and instantly killed.

Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, passed through Chicago on his way to California.

The New York Central has again broken the record for fast time. A special train consisting of three coaches, drawn by locomotive No. 999, made the distance, 148 miles, between Albany and Syracuse, in 132 minutes.

Thursday, Sept. 26.

A Chinese laundryman with leprosy was found in New York.

Japan aspires to maritime supremacy. Within five years she will have thirteen more modern warships.

Warren F. Leland, the Chicago hotel man, has leased the Windsor hotel at New York, and will take possession May 1, 1896.

Robert Schoendube, a stationary engineer, shot and killed Fred Reiger, a carpenter at Chicago. Reiger had knocked down Schoendube's mother and was beating her with a heavy cane. The son got a revolver and killed his mother's assailant.

The czar, it is said, is about to visit the kaiser at Rominton—a visit planned by Chancellor von Hohenlohe.

M. Granddier, president of French Madagascar committee, recommends an effective protectorate over the island, totally debarring foreign interference.

Ex-Treasurer Henry Bolln, at Omaha, Neb., is found to have appropriated over $8,000 interest on school funds.

Friday, Sept. 27.

Kansas City citizens are paying 50 cents a thousand feet for gas, the result of a war between rival companies.

The United States warship Alert was seriously damaged by a collision with an English freight steamer in the harbor of Guayaquil.

J. D. Bartle, pastor of the Loda (Ills.) Methodist church has fallen heir to $100,000 left by a relative in England.

The Chamber of Commerce building at Minneapolis was damaged $30,000 by fire and will probably be rebuilt and enlarged.

A convict in the Jeffersonville (Ind.) penitentiary has been caught making counterfeit money, and Foreman Patton, of one of the prison-contract companies, has been arrested for circulating it.

Robert Fair, a New York insurance agent, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide. Drink was the cause.

Dr. Talmage has accepted the call to the co-pastorship of the First Presbyterian church at Washington. He and Dr. Sutherland are expected to divide the work of the church and also the clerical authority.

Saturday, Sept. 28.

The czar has sanctioned the attachment of 125 Chinese officers to the Russian army for a period of three years and the admission of fifty others to Russian military schools.

Charles F. Rix, formerly agent of the Singer company, wanted in Chicago on a charge of forgery and embezzlement, has arrived at New York from Germany in charge of officers.

Mrs. Mabel Ysnaga, of New York, has begun divorce proceedings at Yankton, S. D., alleging desertion and failure to support.

Labor unions at Anderson, Ind., have procured the indictment of three policemen for beating union campers, mistaking them for tramps.

Congressman Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, took luncheon with Prince Bismark at Friedrichsruhe.

The missing steamer Nahant, sixty hours overdue, has arrived safely at Green Bay, Wis. Her tow, the Queen City, went to pieces on Hog island reef.

The water famine at Hazelton, Pa., is so severe that electric lines, collieries and factories are stopped for lack of water.

Monday, Sept. 30.

The czarewitch, heir to the Russian throne, is hardly expected to live the year out. Consumption.

Thomas and Henry Anderson met Isaac D. Jaques at Cookville, Tenn., and "removed" him with their guns. Feud.

The Minnesota, Rock River (Ills.), Ironton (O.), and West Wisconsin M. E. conferences have voted to admit women as delegates to the general conference, and the Ironton people chose a woman delegate—Mrs. Jane Bedford.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt will be married to the duke of Marlborough, Nov. 14, in Grace church, New York, by Bishop Potter. They will spend their honeymoon in a castle in Germany provided by Kaiser Wilhelm.

The St. Andrew's society convention at Louisville elected James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, president. Next meeting will be at Pittsburg.

Friends of Governor Morrill, of Kansas, are seriously alarmed as to his condition. His illness is a result of the war and he is past 70.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.

The Spanish cruiser Conde de Vanadito is reported to have landed marines on the Florida keys to search for filibusters.

Miles McTierman, Thomas Ferguson (14 years old), Dan Rogers, Pat Welsh, Charles Truett and an unknown Italian were killed by an explosion of giant powder in a quarry near Independence, Mo., Three others were injured by flying rocks.

There is a scheme on foot by which Miss Frances E. Willard may come into possession of her childhood home in the suburbs of Janesville, Wis. Fifty acres of the farm are to be deeded to Miss Willard in trust for the W. C. T. U. as a home for old and wearied workers in the temperance cause.

The ninth exhibition of the Horticultural society of Chicago, will open at Battery D Nov. 5. It is expected to surpass that of last year.

L. Manasse has returned to Chicago after a three weeks' visit to New York, where he was completely cured of an internal cancerous growth which the Chicago doctors had pronounced incurable.

Frosts are reported at St. Louis, Ottumwa (Ia.), Sterling (Kan.) and many other points in the west and south.

SPLIT IN NEW YORK.

State Democracy Bolts the Convention at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 26.—The Democratic state convention finished its work yesterday by nominating these officers: Secretary of state, Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn; comptroller, John B. Judson, of Gloversville; state treasurer, D. C. Dow, of Cobleskill; attorney general, Morton Chase, of Albany; state engineer, Russell R. Stuart, of Syracuse; court of appeals, John D. Teller, of Auburn. Briefly the platform stands for home rule and local option on the excise question, the gold standard on the money question, and tariff for revenue only. The administration of Grover Cleveland is approved as to its foreign, tariff and financial policies.

When the State Democracy people left the rink after being denied more representation they were in a fighting frame and continued so until their train left. The leaders were very free in their expressions of disapproval. John Jerolomon, president of the board of aldermen of New York, said: "We are going back to pulverize Tammany Hall. It is not the giving to us of one-fifth of the delegation that we object to, but the action of the convention in humiliating us; that we have no state committeeman or representatives in the party organization. We will fight them on county and legislative tickets and beat them."

The scene was a lively one when the State Democracy marched out. The fight of the day was over the credentials committee report giving Tammany four-fifths of the New York county vote, recognizing it as the Democratic party in that county and shelving the State Democracy with only one-fifth vote. A substitute was offered giving the State Democracy one-third and representation on the state committee, but it was defeated and the regular report adopted.

The vote was very decisive and confusion followed. Tammany men cheered and cries of derision were heard from the spectators' benches. In the midst of it all the Grace-Fairchild Democrats arose and marched out of the hall. Tammany delegates jeered them and the Shepard Democrats from Kings county rose in their places and gave the retiring delegation three cheers. Chairman Belmont pounded on the desk with his gavel, but it was several minutes before business could go on.

EXPRESS TRAIN "SIDEWIPED."

A Score of Passengers Scalded by Steam and Otherwise Injured.

WHEELING, W. V., Sept. 28.—The eastbound St. Louis express on the B. and O. was "sidewiped" by the west bound express at Tunnelton, east of Grafton, and a score of passengers injured, the most serious cases being D. Garden, U. S. marshal of the state, and ex-State Secretary William Ohley, of Fairmount. Escaping steam did the damage, but none is reported fatally hurt.

A partial list of the others injured is as follows: Miss Mary Evans, Parsons, Kan., nose cut; Miss Neil J. Fortney, Kingwood, W. Va., badly scalded about face and upper part of body; J. B. Hart, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Lee Hizy, Charleston, Mo., badly cut and bruised; Miss Carrie Hobart, Philadelphia, leg badly injured; R. C. Porter, South Lancaster, Mass., hands badly cut; William Reese, Salina, Kan., leg scalded; Miss Allie L. Taylor, Elkins, W. Va., side, neck and head scalded; Henry Thomas, Baltimore, hand severely cut. Others were more or less injured, but their names could not be obtained.

Woman's Building at Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Oct. 1.—The exercises attending the formal opening of the Woman's building at the exposition began with an address by Miss Harding, chairman of the woman's auxiliary of the Pennsylvania state commission, in behalf of Miss Elise Mercur, the architect. She was followed by Mrs. F. C. Peters, chairman of the building committee, who presented the completed building with its exhibits to Mrs. Jos. Thompson, president of the woman's board. Mrs. Thompson, in behalf of the board, accepted the building in an appropriate address.

Surprised at Culberson's Latest.

AUSTIN, Sept. 28.—Governor Culberson's proclamation convening the legislature next Tuesday to enact another prize fight law was a great surprise. It requires a two-third vote to give immediate effect. Representative Hamilton Ward, a leading member of the house, said the legislature undoubtedly would pass a law to go into effect at once and that it would make prize fighting a felony.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Mrs. CROOK, widow of General Crook, at Oakland, Md.

Judge HALE, pioneer Californian, at Auburn, Cal.

JOHN DEVINE JONES, well known insurance man, at New York.

HENRY SIEKMAN, an early settler of Beardstown, Ills.

JAMES S. AMMERMAN, of Cambridge, Ills., at Colorado Springs, Colo.

ISAAC THOMPSON, well-known Methodist and Republican politician, at Wyoming, Ills.

ALFRED P. WELLS, a highly respected citizen of Rockford, Ills.

W. F. GOODWIN, ex-member of the Michigan legislature, at Concord, Mich.

Mrs. ELIZABETH FRAME, pioneer settler of Elkhart, Ind.

ROBERT BESTY, well-known author of law books, at Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. JAMES E. LIENTHAL, prominent physician, at San Francisco.

Captain WALTER G. BARNES, well-known Grand Army man, at Freeport, Ills.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and to make an appetite nothing equals Hood's Sarsaparilla. "For over 5 years I had dyspepsia, had no appetite and what I did eat was with no relish. I had headaches 3 or 4 days a week, and an awful tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured all my ills. I rest well, have a hearty appetite." ELNORA E. THOMAS, Forestville, Md.

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HONOR, NOT HONORS.

Denser and mightier hour by hour
  Swells the throng upon life's highway,
Fiercer the struggle for place and power,
  Till the giants of old were as babes today,
  And the heart of the novice with child dismay
Grows faint at the sight of the hopeless race,
For how shall he soar, if there be not space
  For the strong, swift beat of his wings to play?

True, there may be many that throng the start
  And eagerly jostle a place to win,
But only the patient and stout of heart
  Go on as bravely as they begin
  And the ranks of the runners are straggling thin
When the road grows steep and the pathway rough,
And each will find there is room enough,
  As he nears the goal where the race comes in.

Yet not to all is the lot assigned
  To win the laurel and wear the crown,
For fate is fickle and fortune blind
  And sheds unseeing her smile or frown.
  And the foremost runner is smitten down,
When the bay clad summit is well nigh scaled.
What then? Of a truth to have striven and failed
  Is a nobler thing than unearned renown!

For the deafening roar of the cheering crowd
  Falls sweet on vanity's eager ear,
And the fool is flattered if praise be loud,
  And discerns not the true from the insincere.
  But the still small voice that the wise hold dear
Is the voice that whispers within the breast:
"Thou hast fought thy battle and done thy best.
When thy Captain calls, thou hast naught to fear."

Then work while the blood in your veins run strong:
  While limbs are supple and hearts are light;
While life is summer, and days are long,
  Ere winter comes with its sunless night.
  What though the deed that is done be slight,
Feebly wrought and with lack of skill!
Not the work itself, but the worker's will
  Availeth aught in the Master's sight.

False and hollow the voice of fame,
  Fades the gilt on her glittering scroll,
Nor hails she any with full acclaim,
  Till she hears the knell of his passing toll,
  Then seek not a place on the heroes' roll,
But take for your guide, in the world's despite,
Not "What shall it profit?" but "God and Right"—
  Honor, not "Honors," shall be your goal.
—C. E. J. in Spectator.

THE STORY OF LOIS.

"It's very pretty, my dear," said Miss Mahala, "and I don't see but you write as well as most of them. But I can't help thinking how times have changed! In my young days it wouldn't have been considered proper for an unmarried girl to be writing stories and selling them to the magazines. Miss Pettingill was very particular about the training of her young ladies, and I don't believe there was one in her establishment who would have thought of doing such a thing."

Margaret Dillingham looked up at her stately great aunt with a smile and wondered why this "story writing" was more to be despised than the binding of shoes, which, in Miss Mahala's childhood—before the excellent training of "Miss Pettingill's establishment"—the brave women of the Dillingham family had not disdained to do during those long, hard winters when the men of the family were absent on their hazardous whaling voyages.

Meanwhile Miss Mahala had folded her delicate, wrinkled hands over her smooth silk apron and was expatiating upon the high feelings of the Dillinghams of her youth.

The two were on the little front porch together before the open door. Miss Mahala was rocking gently in her shaker chair, while Margaret sat on the step, with the magazine from which she had been reading upon her lap. The air was fragrant with the perfume of roses, and the sweet, old fashioned pinks in the border were all in bloom.

"But you had some celebrated women writers then," said Margaret. "There was Mrs. Sigourney, for one"—

"My dear, is it possible that you compare yourself with Mrs. Sigourney?" exclaimed Miss Mahala in shocking surprise.

"Oh, my, no! I was only wishing Miss Pettingill's ideas hadn't been quite so—restricted," said Margaret, with a spice of mischief. "You write such beautiful letters, Aunt Mahala, that you might have rivaled even Mrs. Sigourney herself had your unmistakable talent only been cultivated in time."

"My dear, in those good old days young ladies were taught the strictly feminine accomplishments. We learned to sew, and to knit, and to do the finest embroidery, and the most beautiful lace stitches. There's nothing like it done nowadays," Miss Mahala said primly.

Margaret thought of the exquisite needlework she had seen at the decorative art rooms the winter before and smiled. "There is something very quaint about your 'good old times,' Aunt Mahala. They always make me think of—Dresden shepherdesses and sweet lavender."

"Sweet lavender—ah, that reminds me of Lois Pettingill, and that last year at school! Poor Lois was so fond of lavender, and she did have a hard time!" mused Miss Mahala. "Her aunts were both plain, hard women, and they didn't realize things were different when a girl was pretty, like Lois, and full of life and spirits! They had been teaching for 30 years, and they had brought her up to teach, but for all that Lois was only a merry, unthinking girl.

"I'll never forget that last night she took us out to prayer meeting alone. On her way home some nonsense of Hettie Bradford's set her off laughing, like all the rest of us, and who should open the door to us but Miss Pettingill herself. 'Lois Pettingill,' she said, 'you ain't fit to be trusted with young ladies, and after all the pains I have taken! I'm ashamed of you!' Lois said nothing, but the next day her eyes were red with crying, and she was never allowed to be with us girls again without either Miss Pettingill or Miss Jane was by. That went on for may be a month or more, and then one morning—she was gone!"

"Yes, Aunt Mahala, and they thought she had run away to her mother's family in Hartford, and they were angry and never wrote nor ever asked a word"—

"Her name was never mentioned afterward," Miss Mahala said solemnly, "except in whispers between us girls, and the Miss Pettingills just grew stiffer and were more watchful than ever, for it was an awful scandal for such a thing to have happened in a select establishment for young ladies!"

"It never would have happened if they had been less severe with their pretty niece," said Margaret.

"I suppose not," assented Miss Mahala, "but anyway that was the last of Lois until the winter had gone and the flowers she loved were all abloom in the garden. Then, as I was sitting here just about sundown one night—the other girls were out walking, I had been excused—I just heard a low sobbing moan from behind the little gate, and there I saw what I thought was the ghost of poor, pretty Lois, and I limped into the house, screaming out what I had seen in a terrific sort of way. Miss Pettingill up and ran out, all in a flutter for once. She opened the gate, and there it was Lois herself, but, oh, so weary and wan and changed from the merry girl she used to be!

"We brought her into the house and up to her own little room before the girls came in—for nobody was to know of her return—but somehow it all leaked out. And Lois had never been to her mother's folks at all, but all the while she had been in a neighboring town, trying to get work to support herself. But she was too young, and too pretty, and too alone in the world, and she had broken down in the struggle and had just been able to crawl home—to die.

"It most killed the Miss Pettingills, and they always felt as if her death was owing to their hard ways. I guess it was, too, for they were the hard New England kind, and she warn't, and they didn't understand. They meant well, but they didn't understand."

There was silence after she had ended, until Margaret looked up archly. "Really, Aunt Mahala, you ought to write a series of 'Recollections'—and 'The Story of Lois' would make such a charming beginning. What a pity you did not think of doing it before!"

"Nonsense, child!" said Miss Mahala, with the characteristic Dillingham toss of her head.

"But I mean it—you really should," persisted Margaret, who liked to tease her stately aunt. "It is a debt you owe the public. You have no right to hide your light under a bushel. And it would be a great thing for me to become known as the grandniece of the talented writer, Miss Mahala Dillingham."

The summer drifted by. The usual round of visitors from city friends and relatives came to an end at last, and Miss Mahala and Margaret were once more alone together.

One autumn morning, breakfast just ended, Miss Mahala nervously cleared her throat. "Margaret," she said, "have you half an hour to give me? I have something to read aloud"—

Margaret looked on in amazement as Miss Mahala drew a closely written roll of manuscript from her silk apron's capacious pocket and smoothed it with trembling hands.

"I—I thought a great deal about what you said, Margaret," she began, "and I came to the conclusion that you might be right, and I had no call to hide my light if the talent for writing had really been given me. So I began, as you suggested, with 'The Story of Lois,' and when that has been published I can go on and write more of my 'Recollections.'"

Margaret was astonished at this unexpected result of her jesting words. But controlling her first hysterical desire to laugh, she composed herself to listen to Miss Mahala's first literary effort, with the respect which was due to her years, and which was soon mingled with genuine surprise.

Miss Mahala had told the simple story in a quaint, old fashioned way, which, though rambling, was full of unexpected pathos. With careful revision and certain necessary corrections the little story would be quite suitable for publication, for which it was unmistakably designed.

Miss Mahala's faded cheeks glowed with excitement when she had finished, and she listened with evident delight to Margaret's expressions of congratulation and surprise.

"Then it's all right," she sighed in relief. "I was kinder afraid when I came to think, for, you see, I don't know much about the modern, newfangled ways of spelling, and all that, because in my young days we just began every noun with a capital. But, after all, I thought, it's the printer's business to see to the spelling, so I ain't going to worry about it any more, and you can send it right on for me this morning."

"But, Aunt Mahala, can't I—won't you—that is—may I—copy it for you?"

"It's copied all right. I only wrote on one side of the paper, though that did seem like a wicked waste. And, Margaret, I am going to send it to The Eastern Star—that editor has always treated you so well. And here's the letter I've written him. I just told him how I came to write the story, and that I was your greataunt, so, of course, he won't expect to treat me like an ordinary young beginner. And I told him this was just the first one of my 'Recollections,' and I asked him if he wouldn't like me to send him the rest as soon as they were done."

"But, Aunt Mahala," and Margaret looked aghast at the little old lady, who was so elated and so confident of success.

How could the necessary corrections be made and the too confidential letter be suppressed without cruelly wounding Miss Mahala's pride?

Margaret's resolution was soon formed.

"Aunt Mahala," she said, "there is something I must do this morning, and if your story goes by the afternoon express it will reach the editor just as soon as if it was posted at once. Let me take it. I'll stamp it and see to everything. It's lovely, and I'm as proud of you as I can be. Don't worry any more about it, and please let me be undisturbed until dinner time."

Once up in her own room behind locked doors Margaret began the work of revision. It was impossible to let the manuscript go out as it was, and although she hesitated before drawing her pen through the first superfluous word, she soon grew bolder, and under her skillful pruning "The Story of Lois" became a charmingly tender little tale, told in quaintly elegant language.

It took some hours, even working under pressure, to get it into satisfactory shape, and Margaret had just begun to copy it when there was a rap upon the door. She started guiltily.

"Margaret," came Miss Mahala's voice, "I want to speak to you, and I want to look over 'The Story of Lois' once again."

"Oh, Aunt Mahala, don't!" cried Margaret piteously. "It's perfectly sweet as it is—and you would only get upset if you should see it now! I'm so busy. Please go away!"

Miss Mahala withdrew in astonished silence, and the copy was finished at last. Then the accompanying letter was written, brief and businesslike, but Margaret did not breathe freely until she was out of the house and half way down to the village—beyond any chance of recall. The original manuscript, with every one of her telltale changes upon it, lay carefully locked within her desk.

The days passed slowly by. Miss Mahala at first was buoyant and talked much of her first literary achievement and of the new chapter of "Recollections," which she soon intended to begin. But by and by she began to grow nervous, and as day after day passed by and no answer came, she was despondent, indignant and hopeful again by turns. It was all that Margaret could do, however, to prevent her from writing a confidential letter to the editor of The Eastern Star.

For Margaret herself it was a period of anxiety. As she walked down to the postoffice every morning and evening her heart alternately throbbed with hope and grew faint with dread. Should the story be accepted Miss Mahala would be encouraged to go on, and Margaret was dismayed at the endless labyrinth into which her first apparently innocent deception would lead her, for she felt she could never bring herself to wound Miss Mahala's pride by revealing what she had done. But, on the other hand, if her judgment had been at fault, and the story should be returned, what would Miss Mahala say when she saw how her work had been tampered with, revised, corrected, changed, not by "the printer," but by her presumptuous niece, without her consent or knowledge, and how could Margaret ever face her then?

At last a letter came, whose contents Margaret could not fail to guess. "The Story of Lois" had been accepted and a check for its payment was inclosed.

Miss Mahala's withered cheeks flushed with pride. "Well, now, Margaret, I declare, you were right," she said complacently, "and it's a real pity I didn't take to writing earlier in life, for, as you say, I might have been a second Mrs. Sigourney by this time. But, come to think, it's queer the editor didn't say anything about the rest of my 'Recollections.' It would only have been polite if he had mentioned them. And, Margaret, do you think he has paid me as much as my story is worth? It's really a great deal more than I expected, but still—

"Do you know," she continued in sudden confidence, "latterly I began to think he warn't going to take it, and worrying about it day and night has almost made me sick!"

It was a proud day for Miss Mahala when she saw "The Story of Lois" in print, with her own name appended in clear cut capitals.

But when, after diligent comparison with a neat copy of her own, she discovered the extent of the alterations in the text, her wrath arose, and she bitterly denounced "the printer" for so changing her story and "leaving out half the words." After awhile, however, pride took the sting from such a petty annoyance.

A copy of the magazine, opened at the beginning of her story, was kept upon the center table, side by side with a volume of Mrs. Sigourney's poems. And since she had proved herself a "literary genius," and her neighbors and friends had begun to look up to her as such, Miss Mahala held herself even a little higher and straighter than before.

"But I ain't going to write any more 'Recollections,'" she said to Margaret one day. "The truth is, I'm too old to stand the strain and excitement. I'm glad I wrote that one, and proved myself a literary character, but 'The Story of Lois' has almost been the death of me! My 'Recollections' must begin and end with that. I've been a long time coming to that conclusion, but I'm thankful I've come to it at last."

And in her inmost heart Margaret was thankful too.—Springfield Republican.

The Eggs He Meant.

An Irish witticism is related by the Portland (Me.) Transcript of a Commercial street contractor, who furnishes rock ballast for vessels departing from Portland. It seems that one captain was very particular and wanted "shingle" rock—that is, small stone from the sea beach—but was indignant when he found most of the ballast as large or larger than paving stones. He expressed his feelings in a most decided manner, but the reply was equally indignant, or at least seemed to be when the contractor explained: "What would yes have? Faith, these are no bigger than eggs, as I said I wud—none of yez miserable little Yankee eggs, but big goose eggs, such as we have in ould Ireland, big as yer head."

His Right to the Title.

Jenkins—Hello, colonel, did you ever get a title in the civil war?

Colonel Jonsing—No, indeed, sah, I never fo't a stroke, sah!

Jenkins—Well, what are you called colonel for?

Colonel Jonsing—Bless your heart, sah, I don' know, 'nless it's 'cause I'm from Delaware, down in the peach district, sah. They calls me the peach colonel, sah.—Boston Standard.

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It has not been led away by the Ignis fatuus of English Whiggery, and has fought the good fight and kept the faith, while weaker brethren, even while the Prophet was on the mountain, bowed down and adored an idol in the desert. It is the premier organ of true Irish Nationality, and, as such, should be supported by the people it has championed. THE CITIZEN has kept the colors of Irish Independence nailed to the mast, heedless of the wrath of Ireland's foes. The friends of Ireland should, therefore, sustain it in a manner worthy of the cause.

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Not Reported Verbatim.

Certain people become so addicted to the use of slang that they are unable to abandon it, even when it seems most inappropriate to the occasion. This story is told of a sea captain who was led by his devotion to nautical slang into rather an alarming misstatement. A frigate commanded by him was chartered by Queen Charlotte to convey the princess royal to Germany. The captain was minutely instructed by the queen as to the care he should take of his precious charge. When she had landed, he was to return immediately and report to his sovereign. He did so, of course, and was closely questioned by her majesty.

"Well, ma'am, yer majesty," replied he in some confusion to the opening interrogation, "yes; she bore the voyage very well."

"Was there much wind?"

"Wind, ma'am, yer majesty? Yes; there was a capful."

"Was her royal highness at all seasick?"

"Seasick? Oh, yes! In course a little. As we were going out of dock she sent for me, ma'am, yer majesty, into the cabin and says she to me, says she, 'Captain, I'm afeard it do begin to blow.' So says I, 'Oh, yer royal highness, it's nothing,' and nothing it was, ma'am, yer majesty. Well, when we got past the Nore, it had come on a bit harder, so she sends for me into the cabin again and, says she, 'Captain,' says she, 'I'm sure it do blow now.' So I said it wasn't anything. It didn't blow at all. But when we got into the open sea the wind did give us a bit of a tearer. So her royal highness sends for me again into the cabin, and, says she to me, says she, 'Well, captain, shiver my timbers if it don't blow now!'"—Household Words.

Glass Bricks and Glass Cloth.

In these days of paper boats and paper wheels it is hardly surprising that bricks of glass should be employed. Such bricks, recently manufactured in Silesia for the walls and roofs of winter gardens and plant houses, are made hollow, about one-third of the entire cubical content of each brick being occupied by a chamber filled with rarefied air.

The purpose of this contrivance is to prevent the too rapid passage of heat between the interior and exterior of the wall, the inclosed air being a poor conductor of heat.

The bricks are firmly united by cement, and thus the possibility of constructing a glass house without the employment of a skeleton of iron, as in the Crystal palace of London, is proved.

Glass cloth seems a far more difficult thing to make than glass bricks, yet it was brought into practical use as long as half a century ago. Being spun into threads of exceeding fineness, glass can be woven like cotton or silk. One of the most common uses for glass cloth today is in the making of filters for laboratories.

There is one advantage, at least, that we should enjoy if glass garments ever came into use, and that is that the grease spot evil would be abolished forever.—Youth's Companion.

Some Old Roman Millionaires.

It seems to me that, taken in general, we are a very ignorant lot of people in this last decade of the nineteenth century. Our wealth, as much as we boast of it, is comparatively puny as compared with the wealth of men of old. There was Mark Antony's house that was sold to Messala for over $500,000, and Scaurus' villa was burned at a loss of over $12,000,000. Otho spent over $14,000,000 in finishing one wing of a palace commenced by Nero. Nearly $36,000,000 were found in the coffers of Tiberius, and Caligula spent it all in less than one year. Paulus could make a little trifling present to the mother of Brutus of a pearl worth over $30,000. So let us be modest. We are a cheap people, even the wealthiest of us.—New York Mercury.

It Makes Such a Difference.

A Linn Grove girl found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet, seemed terribly disgusted and forbade her daughter having anything to do with a young man who would write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read, the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.—Sioux Rapids Republican.

No Danger From the Breath.

It is said that there are no bacteria, specific or other, in the expired breath in the ordinary respiration of persons affected with diphtheria or consumption. Therefore the warning against inhaling the breath of such persons is unnecessary. The real source of danger is in the discharges from the throat, nose and lungs. It is more important than ordinary persons realize that all these discharges should be disinfected. Under no circumstances should well people use towels or handkerchiefs or indeed any article of clothing worn by patients suffering from these diseases.—New York Ledger.

Natural History of Orators.

The natural history of the orators and scribes of France is just as extensive and peculiar as that of some of our men of the pen and the tongue. Not long ago one of these gentlemen talked of the serpent's cold hand, and to another the hand of the bird of prey was just as cold. And now here is a third orator, who recently delivered himself of the following phrase: "Perhaps M. Sebastian would not care to make known what were his relations with Vaillant, that sheep (mouton) into whose hands a homicidal bomb has been put."—Westminster Gazette

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Too Much Johnson."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Sphinx."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Robert Downing.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke in "A World of Trouble."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Mme. Sans Gene."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"The Vale of Avoca."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Shaft No. 2."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock'"
—*Thomas Davis.*

PRESIDENT LYMAN'S IRISH POLICY.

No happier choice for president of the Irish National Alliance could have been made by the convention that recently met in this city than Mr. William Lyman. He is a man of deep conviction, of earnest temperament and of indefatigable industry. He has kept entirely aloof from American party politics, and this fact alone speaks volumes for the unselfish manner in which he will conduct the business of the new organization. Nearly every other prominent member of the convention, who might otherwise have made an acceptable president, had been identified, either as a Democrat or a Republican, with partisan politics—William Lyman never. No matter how sincere, how deeply patriotic, others may be, the public in general would be called upon by the enemies of the movement to look upon them as ambitious politicians. Mr. Lyman is absolutely free from such a charge and hence, not counting his other excellent qualities, his fitness for the important office to which he has just been elected.

On his return to his home in New York last Monday, Mr. Lyman was interviewed by a representative of the Associated Press, with the following reassuring result:

"When asked what the Alliance proposed to do, he said: 'We are going to bring about a revolution in Ireland. A revolution does not necessarily mean an application of physical force. Revolution signifies a turning over, no matter what means may be used to do the turning over. I am going to issue an address in the course of a few days, and I may outline our policy then.

"This is an Irish, not an American, movement, and it will be kept clear of American politics. The Irish National Alliance was thought of five years ago, when it became apparent that home rule was improbable. It has been maturing ever since. We have not settled on our headquarters yet, but will decide in a few days, and then the organization will be run on business principles.

"I never yet undertook anything I did not succeed in, and we are going to succeed here. England's weakness is Ireland's opportunity. The greater the loss to the enemy the greater the gain to us, and if England is ever involved in war, which would not be hard to bring about—well, that is enough."

Mr. Lyman, as will be seen, has confidence in himself, and the man who possesses that quality is certain to inspire it in his fellow men. We do not know what his plan of organization may be, but we respectfully suggest that it is a good thing to strike the iron while it is hot. There should be an active propaganda, with voice and pen, throughout the country at once, so that Councils of the Irish National Alliance may be formed in every large and small community throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

When John O'Mahony and his friends started the Fenian Brotherhood in the early 'Sixties, they had no such immense physical or moral force to draw upon as Mr. Lyman. Neither was there as much financial strength, professional and business standing, and general enlightenment in regard to public affairs among the American Irish as there is today. The recent convention showed that. It was a model of parliamentary intelligence and order. Hardly a man present was other than an experienced parliamentarian. Neither the American congress nor the English parliament can excel that body in dignity and decorum. Its bearing disappointed its enemies and filled its friends with hope and admiration. It set an example of unity and strength that certain people beyond the Atlantic might well accept as an exemplar. Of course England and her allies in this country, and some of our own miserable doughfaces, for whom Christ never died and Patrick never preached, are abusing it, and will, no doubt, continue to do so. Certain professional "Cawtholic" editors and Orange scribes join hands against its principles and abuse its chairman, often in broken English, but so long as the cause flourishes, they are welcome to their scolding. It may do them good, and will certainly not do us or the Irish question any harm.

The Fenian Brotherhood began with a few "circles" in New York city. When the war broke out, it was still in swaddling clothes. Its executive gradually extended the organization to the outlying districts, and, as the war progressed, it spread like a conflagration. At the Cincinnati convention of the Brotherhood, in January, 1865, over 600 active circles were represented. At the Philadelphia convention, held in October of the same year, nearly one thousand circles, in good standing, sent delegates, and the cause would certainly have scored a triumph if the politicians could have been kept out of it. They were the marplots from the beginning. Mr. Lyman will take care that they cannot interfere with his proceedings. He is an organizer by nature, and, once he settles down to the work, the machinery of the Irish National Alliance will move with the regularity of clock work.

Meanwhile, we would urge upon the American Irish everywhere to prepare openly for the good work of organization, the plan of which President Lyman and his Executive Council will promulgate within a reasonable time. England and her emissaries have had their own way here long enough. Moral force and moral balderdash have debilitated even Irish-American public sentiment. Americans have begun to forget that Ireland is, of right, a nation not a province, and this principle our speakers and writers must proclaim from every platform and every sanctum throughout the country. In this fight, he who is not with us is decidedly against us.

Mr. Lyman is fortunate in his associates on the Executive, Mr. O'Neill Ryan, Vice-President; Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, Treasurer, and the members of the Council. They are all patriots true and tried, and, in their hands, the cause of Irish liberty is safe.

We have received many communications asking where contributions to the Irish National Alliance treasury may be sent. They should be sent to the Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, National Treasurer, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. As the sinews of war are always a most important necessity in organization and propaganda, THE CITIZEN hopes that the new executive may have funds at its disposal immediately. A circular calling for funds, and explaining the necessity for them, will, we are informed, shortly be issued, but there is no need for the patriotically inclined to wait for the formal call. There is no time like the present. The struggle has been well begun; let it be vigorously continued.

ANGLO-AMERICAN GALL.

It is quite evident that our Anglo-American editorial friends, particularly in the smaller cities, expected a disgraceful row of some sort at the Irish National Convention held in this city the last week in September. Their disappointment must be very great, because the leading newspapers of Chicago—some of them not over-friendly to the New Movement—admit that it was the most decorous and orderly national convention ever assembled in this country. The metropolitan editors, as a rule, are more decent than the small country chaps, who think they are newspaper men, and who first illumined their darkened intellects by the light of a pine knot. These fellows, in general, think they know it all, when in fact they know nothing and very often are themselves Knownothings. They think it is smart to abuse "Finerty," just because that American citizen exercises the undeniable American privilege of thinking, writing and speaking as seems right to him, if not to the ignoble little editorial cads who abuse him. The average American truly rural editor is often a pragmatical ass. His metropolitan brother occasionally indulges in a loud and lugubrious bray, but, it must be admitted, he has intervals of reason which proclaim that the bite of the mad donkey does not entirely permeate his system.

The American press, outside of a few dailies, is a very queer concern. Its editors are mostly on the side of power, and are forever abusing every man that has the courage of his convictions. Thank God, there were not many of them during the Revolutionary period—otherwise the colonies could never have obtained their independence. Anglo-American sympathy with human liberty is a myth—especially when the nation struggling to be free is Irish and Catholic. There is a dirty little feeling of jealousy of our race lingering in the Anglo-American heart. Charles Dickens remarked upon, and wrote about it, as long ago as in 1843, when he published his "American Notes." The average Anglo-American editor is simply a worshipper of the Almighty Dollar. He boasts of himself as an "Anglo-Saxon," ignorantly unfamiliar with the brass collar worn by his forefathers in feudal England. With him, no cause is worth a cent, unless it is the cause of the Englishman or the devil, against some Catholic power. England may murder 1,500,000 of the Irish people in three years, by the slow and cruel process of starvation; she may drive 3,000,000 more into exile. "That is all right," quoth the Anglo-American editor, 'England is a civilized and Protestant power. She can do no wrong." The average Anglo-American is still a slavish provincial and does not know how to respect his country or himself. About the only exceptions are the lineal descendants of Revolutionary sires; but this brave and noble original race of patriots has been much outnumbered by a spurious breed of bigots and fanatics, recruited from southern Scotland, Ulster and the British-American provinces, who think they own this country and can make all citizens of other races follow their instructions. In this they are greatly mistaken.

England, France and Spain were equally prompt to recognize the South when it rebelled against the government; but England has been forgiven—although her cabinet members subscribed to the Rebel loan—while France and Spain are still looked upon with a spirit of unforgiveness. This is because they are Catholic and Latin, or Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon and Protestant powers. Hence, the Anglo-American calls France a tyrant in Madagascar and Spain a butcher in Cuba. In this he is entirely right, but why except England in Ireland? Because the average Anglo-American is a shallow humbug, filled with cheap sentiment and still cheaper "sympathy." The whole world guffaws at the very idea of Anglo-American "sympathy." Small blame to it.

The Anglo-Americans are indebted to France, to Ireland and Poland for the liberty they enjoy—not to England. This is notorious, as is also the slavishness and ingratitude with which they forget their friends and lick the hand that smote them. What has our government ever done for human liberty, in return for the favors received at the hands of the nations? It refused France the accommodation of port asylum in 1793—twelve years after Yorktown! It allowed the Canadian patriots to be hanged within sight of American soil, in 1837. It baffled the Fenian raids on Canada in 1866 and 1870, and now it is allowing the Cubans to be massacred by their Spanish oppressors. Anglo-American "sympathy" is always on tap, but Anglo-American practical aid is very stingily given. They prate about "loyalty" and the duty of citizenship. What would this country amount to only for the Irish, the Germans, the French, the Slavs and their immediate descendants? They are the bone and sinew of the country. Unless in very rare instances, if they accumulate wealth in America they spend it here. The first idea of the rich Anglo-American is to place his daughters' charms on the European—particularly the English—matrimonial market, and expose them for sale to blase English titled roues, as if they were Circassian captives or octaroon slaves before the war. The present English "nobility" is being bred from the granddaughters of Anglo-American canal-boat captains, soap boilers, tramp peddlers, reformed gamblers and sharp stock dealers. They are taking millions of good American money into England every year. The Anglo-Americans spend some $800,000,000 in Europe annually, mostly for luxuries that might as well be obtained at home. No wonder the country isn't prosperous or respected, when the women who should set an example of modesty and patriotism sell their charms to the highest foreign bidder, in exchange for a rotten title. There are traitors in this country but they are not Irish. So the Anglo-American editors had better read lectures on "loyalty" and "good citizenship" to their own kindred not to us.

BRITISH METHODS OF DIPLOMACY.

The Chicago *Tribune*, under the above caption, takes a vigorous line in regard to the foreign policy of our government. THE CITIZEN is certainly not noted for indorsing any act of Great Britain; and, no doubt, the Chinese have a holy horror of British "Christian" missionaries, knowing as they do how often the Bible is the precursor of foreign invasion; but we will say the *Tribune* is entirely right in the contrast it draws between the aggressive foreign policy of England and the cowardly foreign policy of the United States, as set forth in the following editorial of date, Oct. 1:

"Fourteen days or fourteen warships was the sentence pronounced upon China by Great Britain. If within that time the viceroy of Sze-Chuen were not degraded that number of ironclads would open fire on Nankin. Britain was convinced, as the London *Times* said, that China's fear, not its friendship, must be cultivated if foreigners are to be safe in the Oriental empire, and it acted in accordance with the conviction, and the viceroy was degraded. That is the way to do business. Issue an ultimatum and live up to it. Never mind diplomacy, never mind international comity, never mind anything but the object to be attained. It is a lesson the United States sadly needs to learn. If we were in similar case we should dilly-dally along, make representations to Pekin, instruct the American minister to invite the emperor's third assistant butler to dinner and talk it over with him, discuss it in a dozen cabinet meetings, make scrapbooks of the opinions of the newspapers, and, in short, shuffle along as well as possible until the cause of offense had been forgotten. But England, which has backbone enough to go after what it wants and energy enough to get it, expresses its demands in plain language and sends its warships to enforce them.

"That is the reason why the Union Jack is respected in every quarter of the world, why a British subject is seldom molested, and never molested with impunity, why American citizens are taken up and imprisoned by anybody who has a fancy for diversion of that sort, and why the Stars and Stripes are no more regarded by other nations than the flag of Hayti or the flag of San Marino. In securing one's self it is pleasant to consider another's feelings, but not particularly advantageous."

THE THANKS OF CUBA.

Secretary De Quesado, of the Cuban Revolutionary Junta, accompanied by other gentlemen, called upon the ex-chairman of the Irish National Convention at THE CITIZEN office on Wednesday, to return thanks in person for the resolution of sympathy with the Cuban patriots and revolutionists adopted by that gathering. THE CITIZEN has pleasure in assuring Secretary De Quesado that the hearts of all true Irishmen are with his gallant countrymen in their chivalrous struggle for liberty and independence.

MACHINE "CATHOLIC" FURY.

The editor of THE CITIZEN seems to have stirred up all the animals who hate Irish National sentiment. They appear to mistake *him* for the Irish National convention, of which he was the presiding officer. Well, he is willing to take all the blame they can shower upon him. He is assailed by the London *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Globe*, and other rag-tag and bob-tail of Cockayne. That was to be expected. He is also assailed by the Protestant Orange organs of Canada and by the Catholic Orange organs of the United States. As O'Connell would say, these organs play very bad tunes, and are generally governed by monkeys. The intolerant portion of the American editors also assail their brother in the profession, but what does it all matter? They are nothing—we are nothing—in comparison with the sacred cause of liberty in Ireland.

Was there ever yet a cause worth the devotion of a true heart that was not assailed by fools, knaves and slaves? Dean Swift once wrote, "The surest sign that a genius has arisen in the land is that all the jackasses are arrayed against him." Now, we don't claim to be a genius, or anything of that kind, but we have a most profound Milesian contempt for Protestant "loyalists," Catholic "royalists," Canadian-Orange bigots, Anglo-American bluebellies, intellectually constipated editors of all races; and all admirers of that accursed blot on God's mercy and providence, the thrice damnable British empire, from the sultan of Turkey to the hangman of England; and from grand-master of the Orangemen, to the meanest little "Cawtholic" scribe that trembles at the frown of a prelate. We loathe these creatures, because they are, from the highest to the lowest, slaves and willing slaves. The only individual among them who has an excuse for his slavery is the British hangman. He alone acts in the interest of his own country. He alone is in natural harmony with her traditional policy.

The alleged "Catholic" press of this country, with few exceptions, is slavish to the core. It cannot call its soul its own, if it has a soul. Oh, it wants to be so intensely "American." His Grace of St. Paul, who always plays so successfully to the "American" gallery, does not like the editor of THE CITIZEN, if we are to judge by the sentiments of his putative organ. His Grace is an Ossorian, and, from the day when the Ossorian prince attacked King Brian's wearied army, returning victorious from Clontarf, to the night of the march of Father Murphy's "rebel" column through their country, too many Ossorians have been the foes of Ireland's independence. His Grace's organ speaks of "our" territory, meaning America. Why his more than ours? These great "Americans," from the banks of the Nore, make us tired. They may catch an occasional blue belly or A. P. A. cheer, but they will never reach the hearts of their own countrymen, who are the best, the boldest and the truest "Americans," in the real national sense, of whom we have knowledge.

As for the small fry of the Yankee and "Catholic" press that have assailed us, they may, in the words of the dramatist, "Go to" and supply the omission according to their taste. They would like to be advertised, but we decline the contract. What we said of the anti-Irish spirit of the alleged "Catholic" editors of this country was impersonal. We specified no individual, but the cap has fitted so many that they betray themselves by their frenzied shrieks of anger. They are anti-Irish. They would sacrifice the glorious cause of human liberty in Ireland for an idiotic idea that they can forward the interests of the Catholic church in America by crying down the principle of Irish nationality. Let them not deceive themselves. The moment an Irishman ceases to be such, in the sense of racial pride in this country or elsewhere, he, nineteen times out of twenty, becomes ashamed of being a Catholic, and, in most cases, his children grow up indifferentists or Protestants. His sons and daughters marry Protestants, change their Irish names to something more nearly "Anglo-Saxon," and become lost to every human impulse but the cultivation of foreign manners and the accumulation of an ignoble wealth.

The "Catholic" editors and others who are seeking to cry down Irish national spirit in this country are the most virulent enemies of Catholic growth and progress. The Irish people have remained Catholic because the English turned Protestant, as much as by the Grace of God. Let not this be forgotten.

A SPLENDID EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

It would be unjust to earnest and worthy Irishmen not to publicly acknowledge the great services rendered to the late Irish National Convention by Messrs. John J. O'Connell, John J. Mahoney, John T. Keating, P. V. Fitzpatrick, M. Mulcahy, William H. Joyce, Major Lawrence R. Buckley, Major William McCoy, J. J. Gubbins, M. F. Fanning, and many others. No executive committee ever better performed its duty, and it speaks loudly for the practical patriotism of Chicago Irish-Americans. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates the executive committee of the New Movement on the magnificent work it accomplished.

THE CUBAN SYMPATHY MEETING.

The meetings held in Central Music hall and the Young Men's Christian Association Auditorium on Monday night were all that could be desired in point of attendance and enthusiasm. Among the speakers were the Rev. H. W. Thomas, Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Bishop Fallows, W. J. Hynes and Rev. P. S. Henson. The Mayor presided at the Music Hall and Judge Vincent at the sister gathering. The speeches and resolutions dwelt on the barbarity of the Spanish officials in Cuba, breathed cordial sympathy with the revolutionists and prayed for their recognition by this government as belligerents. Up to date, the President has not taken official notice of the petition of the meeting, nor is he likely to do so. Mr. Cleveland likes a good, easy time and wants no war, foreign or domestic, on his hands during the remainder of his term. Now THE CITIZEN ventures to ask the American friends of Cuba, what are you going to do about it? They have been hooting at the impracticability of Irish revolution long enough. Now, let them show us how they can aid Cuban revolution militant. How many of them will go to jail for practically aiding Cuba?

WELL, gentlemen editors, we love America and Ireland, we hate England and Satan. Now, what are you going to do about it?

THE average Anglo-American knows less about Ireland than about Timbuctoo. Yet he has the impudence to lecture Irishmen on a matter that chiefly concerns them.

THE Clan-na-Gael Guards, commanded by Major L. R. Buckley, attended military mass in a body at St. Patrick's church last Sunday morning. The spectacle was a superb one, and everybody was delighted with the martial bearing of the brave boys in green, gray and yellow.

THE Anglo-Yankees talk as if they owned this country exclusively. They have a sight of impudence.

IT is singular that a portion of the ex-Rebel press, of Georgia and Tennessee particularly, is even more bitter than that of the North against the New Irish Movement. Well, what's the difference? They can no longer "wallop their niggers" and are in bad humor.

THE county wing of the local Republican party gained a complete victory at the primary polls on Wednesday. The city "machine" gave out early in the fight, and, in fact, was "not in it" with its vigorous rival. The county Republican convention is in session as we go to press.

LET the "Reb" editors let up on Ireland and the Irish. They are simply fouling their own nests.

MAJOR-GEN. NELSON A. MILES was placed in command of the United States Army on Wednesday, vice Lieut-Gen. John M. Schofield retired for age. Gen. Miles has some few weaknesses of disposition—"sassiety" being one of them—but, as a soldier, his record is exemplary. He is still in the prime of life, and will command the American army, if death should not intervene, until 1904.

THE Orange press of Canada, the Cawtholic press of America, the Anglo-Yankee press of the North and the Bushwhacking press of the South, join in one loud howl against a wicked man by the name of Finerty. We are glad to give them a chance to advertise their malice and bigotry even at our own expense.

THE editor of THE CITIZEN does not object to honest criticism of his acts or utterances, but personal taunts such as those flung by the "pious" editor of the "*Catholic*" *Record*, published at Indianapolis, are the eructations of a boor. The fellow has no name—at least no name that appears at the head of his paper. He is, or claims to be, indorsed by two bishops. We are sorry for the bishops.

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH!*

("Clear the Road!")

BY CHARLES GAVEN DUFFY.

"Hope no more for motherland
All its ranks are thinned and broken,"
Long a base and coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken:
But we preach a land awoken;
Motherland is true and tried
As your fears are false and hollow;
Slaves and dastards stand aside—
Knaves and traitors, Faugh-a-ballagh!

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong but Right is stronger,
Saxon wiles, or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her;
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where where cravens wallow—
And your foes will flee like wind
From your fearless Faugh-a-ballagh!

Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow:
"We are fallen but unsubdued;
Show us whence we hope may borrow
And we'll fight your fight tomorrow.
Be but cautious, true and brave,
Where you lead us we will follow;
Hill and valley, rock and wave
Soon shall bear our Faugh-a-ballagh!"

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory!
Worth and wit and might and mind
Poet young and patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story!
Close your ranks—the moment's come,
Now, ye men of Ireland, follow;
Friends of freedom charge them home—
Foes of freedom, Faugh-a-ballagh!

*The correct spelling is Fag-a-bealach, but we prefer the more familiar form. It means "Clear the Road!" and was the battle-cry of the Irish clansmen, particularly those of Connaught and South Ulster, for centuries.

ABOUT AUGHRIM.

The following appeared in the Boston *Pilot's* correspondents' column of Sept. 28:

"NA SHULER," London, W.C., writes: "In your issue of Aug. 31 last, you state in reply to 'T. C.,' Lowell, that Ballinasloe is eight miles by road from the Hill of Aughrim. Will you allow me to state that the distance is only three miles, Irish, of course, equal to very near four English miles, and that the nearest way to the historic hill is by road, because if you attempt to go by the fields you get lost in the bog which lies directly between the two places. A short cut can be made by going through Barnagh Crah (the Gap of Grief) at Bernard Goode's, and on through the far-famed Kilcommedan Pass, but a stranger would never make out his way without assistance, and the difference is not a quarter of a mile. I have often walked from Ballinasloe to Aughrim on Sunday morning, and was smoking under 'St. Ruth's Bush' in less than an hour."

"We feel much indebted to our friend in England for the information contained in his letter, and thank him for the correction. Reference to our reply will satisfy him that the answer was not absolute. It was there stated that we had not anything giving exact distance, and that our figure was only an estimate. It was made from examination of the road as marked on a small map of the county Galway, the only material at hand on which to base a reply. This feeling of friendly co-operation is what we desire and cordially request from all our readers and correspondents."

OBITUARY.

RALPH J. BEEGAN.

Mr. John Beegan, of No. 226 South Halsted street, the well-known regalia manufacturer, is mourning the loss of his only son, little Ralph J., who was run over by an express wagon on the 18th ult. The little boy, who was only 8 years and 11 months old, was playing with some of his companions in a vacant lot opposite his father's house when the unfortunate accident occurred and death resulted the following day. The funeral took place on Sunday, Sept. 22, from the residence, No. 56 Pearce street, by carriages to Calvary. A large number of friends attended. THE CITIZEN extends to the sorrowing parents its heartfelt sympathy.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Ever Growing Strength and Importance of the Widespread Ancient Order.

Comments on the Recent Irish Convention and National Alliance.

I presume there is little use of saying anything about any other subject except the convention which closed on Sept. 26 under such happy promise of future success. The convention must have been one of wide and deep interest to all Hibernians judging by the number of them who flocked to our city to be present during the deliberations of the delegates. Excepting at a national convention it would be difficult to meet so numerous a gathering of the leading men of the Order. I mean by the representative men those who are nearest to the hearts of the members of the Order and foremost in the hard work of spreading its principles; the men who are content with the reward of consciousness of having done their duty to the society and are not troubled in mind because some of the honor falls on other heads. It was pleasant to note the esteem in which Brother Dundon, of Ohio, was held by the brothers who had accompanied him from the Buckeye State. His kindly presence and cheering smile won him hosts of friends during his stay. Brother Judge, of Holyoke, was much in evidence with our friends from Massachusetts. Brother Judge is one of the most earnest workers in the New England States, and possesses a clear, logical style of speaking, which carries weight with the sober-minded brothers of the East.

I noticed our friends from Missouri have taken O'Neill Ryan into the ranks, and he is now a full-fledged Hibernian. His addition to the membership is indeed an acquisition. A man of Brother Ryan's ability, eloquence and known devotion to Ireland's cause will prove a tower of strength to the A. O. H. of St. Louis. Michigan was very largely represented by county and division officers; while from Indiana nearly every county sent a few of their best and truest to represent them in the convention. Brother Patrick O'Neill, State President of Pennsylvania, was, as usual, the quiet, earnest Hibernian, ever watchful for the interests of the Order, with no thought of self, no fear of others' ambitions, no dread of fading laurels, secure in the esteem of all who know him, he received the congratulations and good wishes of those who had not met him since the convention at Omaha. It was a subject of much comment among the visitors when they noted the number of A. O. H. badges among the delegates. It proved the strength of the Order and the interest its members take in the future of the land of their forefathers. Nearly evesy division in Cook county had some delegates present, while from each county of the State came some more to testify their sympathy with the work. State Secretary Daniel McGlynn had quite a large contingent, prominent among whom was Brother M. J. Walsh of the Board of Normal Trustees, of Charleston. County President Henely, County Secretary Conroy and County Treasurer Lynch circulated amoug the A. O H. with cheery welcome and happy greeting, and met with ready response from many old friends. It will be some time before so many of the Order will meet on business other than that of the A. O. H.

I could not help noting the remarks about the slowness with which the Gaelic chair assessments are coming in. Much regret was expressed that better showing was not made. On all sides were discussed the probability of many aspirants for national officers, and opinions were freely ventured that for all, from president to director, many contestants would enter the lists. Detroit will have more interest during the coming nine months than it had before, in the eyes of the Hibernians who happened to be of the groups which filled the corridors of McCoy's Hotel during convention week. Earnest efforts will be made to bring a full representation from every State, and already preparations are being made to assist such counties as may be suffering from depleted treasuries. The writer assured the visitors, on the authority of the State President, that Illinois would send at least twenty delegates, and a candidate for every office in the gift of the national convention.

The Irish National Alliance is now an established fact. It is now before the people a possible factor in the regeneration of our nation. It is too early to prophesy what it may do, but we cannot help feeling certain, if kept within the lines laid down by the committees on platform and organization, it will be a mighty engine for good. To be the great aid to Irish nationality its projectors hoped it would prove, it must receive the sympathy and support of the A. O. H. individually and collectively. Its councils will be good recruiting grounds for the old Order, whose missionaries will, under the circumstances, come in contact with many who have held aloof from all quasi-political societies in the past. The favorable manner in which the project was received by those who hitherto were uninterested in the Irish National cause gives reason to believe that after the labors of the propaganda are well under way, the laborers in the vineyard will receive the help of many young hands and able minds. It will ill become our brothers to stand idle while the young guard are rallying around the old flag, and I am confident that those nearest to the standard will be the men who for years back have fought the battles of the A. O. H. and carried their colors victorious in the struggle for the elevation of our race and restoration of the old land to her rightful place among her sister nations. The hour is propitious. We should avail ourselves of the opportunity and work while we have light. If individuals bar the way, throw them aside. We cannot afford to permit the jealous, the timid or the selfish to thwart or efforts or defeat our purpose. Pessimists must have no place among us, neither must the braggart weary our wise men by ill-timed interference with the plans for a nation's deliverance.

The most important work for the counties to engage in is to see that preparations are made to have a representative at the national convention next year. It is of the greatest importance to have a full delegation from Illinois. The brothers should bend every effort to accomplish the desired result, and it is not too early to prepare. If the need of necessary expense money is apparent, county officers should take immediate steps to provide the same. A small assessment on the members for the coming nine months would provide ample funds, and promptly collected would be a very light burden. It is hoped the suggestion will receive the attention it deserves.

The State officers will issue a call this month for 25 cents per capita, balance of appropriation authorized by the State convention of 1894, and it is expected our divisions will respond at the earliest opportunity.

The A. O. H. of Joliet are holding a fair for the purpose of raising funds to build a Hibernian hall in their city. The enterprise deserves support and should receive the same from all who can lend assistance. The brothers of Will county are tireless workers, and they are pushing the work of increasing their membership with laudable zeal. County President John F. Quinn, assisted by the members of the county board have labored hard to make the occasion one of pleasure to their patrons as well as profit to their project, and hence every visitor will be well repaid for his outlay if he can spend an evening before Oct. 12 with some of the best Hibernians on this continent. The worthy ambition of the Joliet members is entitled to more than sympathy, it should receive the practical endorsement of all Hibernians in the State.

In a week our brothers will receive a circular from the State officers, which, while very brief, nevertheless should be carefully read and its suggestions adopted. Our excellent State Secretary has been compelled at times to write somewhat pointed letters to the County Secretaries, but those gentlemen must remember that there is a limit to patience and that the State officers have arrived at the conclusion that clemency was mistaken kindness wich injured the Order by weakening the discipline. Hence the constitutional rules regarding delinquent counties and the officers thereof will be enforced.

The good work progresses favorably in Champaign county, where County President Lyman has organized a new division in Rantoul, which promises to be one of the best in the county. There are some other towns in Champaign county where Brother Lyman would find fruitful soil for the seed of friendship, and I hope he will not flag in his efforts in the good cause.

There is one matter which should be given attention, namely, the etiquette of the Order in division halls. Our friends are at times apt to look with somewhat careless eye on breaches of rules in that respect, but it would add much to the decorum of a meeting if the presiding officers enforced the observance of such laws as may exist in the bye-laws, relating to salutes, methods of same, style of initiation, etc.

I omitted last week to note the demise of two brothers of our Order whom I had known for years and whose departure robs all of two of the most excellent friends, I refer to the deaths of Brother Jeremiah Herbert, of Div. 19, and Brother James Dougherty, of Div. 18. In the intercourse of mutual work for the A. O. H. I had learned to esteem and value the sterling characters of those true men whose best thoughts, energies and spare time were given to the promotion of our society's welfare. Quiet and unassuming, quick to assist, and first to forgive, they have gone before us with the best wishes of all who had been associated with them. Uttering no unkind word even in jest, willing to sacrifice their own will to abide with the majority, sympathizing with all who suffered even the lowliest, Brothers Herbert and Dougherty were, while with us, practical exemplifications of "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity." May they rest in peace. ER.

DIVISION No. 2, A. O. H.

The September monthly meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., was the most successful held by that Division since its organization some six or seven months ago, and it seems certain that with the usual energy and earnestness characteristic of the young men belonging to it, this the latest acquisition to the ranks of Hibernians in Cook county is destined to hold its own in the path of progress. Judging from the number of applications for membership at recent meetings, there is every reason to hope that after a short time No. 2 will be second to no other Division in this city, not only numerically, but in every respect that tends to the welfare of the Order. The members would be very much pleased to have some of the brothers from the neighboring Divisions attend their meetings, for being mostly young men and inexperienced in society work they would be only too glad to receive suggestions and advice from their older and more experienced brothers. Division No. 2 meets the second Thursday of every month in the Unity Hall building, 77 Thirty-first street.

In addition to the regular business of the meeting, the question was brought up as to whether there should be a general initiation every three months of all new members in the county seeking admission to the Order, or that the old system of each Division initiating its own members should be continued. After quite a little discussion on the matter it was adopted that we continue to initiate our members as has been the custom in the past.

Also the question came up before the brothers as to whether it would be more advisable to hold the annual Cook County picnic on Saturday in the future instead of on Sunday as heretofore. After a thorough discussion of the matter, it was adopted that it was best to hold the picnic on Sunday as in the past.

The following vote of condolence was passed by the members to brother William McCormack: "We, the members of Division No. 2, A. O. H., beg to tender to Brother McCormack our sincerest regret and most heartfelt sympathy for the loss he has recently sustained by the death of his son. To him and his aggrieved family we most respectfully and earnestly tender consolation."

The Division intend giving a ball next February, and have already commenced preparations for an elaborate affair. The young men who have taken hold of it are so well known that there is every reason to predict it will be a grand success.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MAID OF THE SHANNON.

The sun in the heavens is shining
In beauty and grandeur and pride,
And lone in the shade is reclining
A maid by the clear Shannon's side.
The river in splendor is flowing
Like a white flood of silver along,
The cool gentle zephyr is blowing
The beech and the elms among.

The linnet his heart is outpouring
In all the gay rapture of song,
The lark high in cloudland is soaring,
And warbles the finch to its young;
Her bliss bounteous nature is shedding,
The peaceful herd browse on the lea,
The flowers their fragrance are spreading,
The lambkins are frisking with glee.

But why is the maid sad and sighing,
And nature around her so gay?
Could Cain to this Eden come prying
And make this young beauty his prey?
Could Death of a parent bereave her,
The tyrant her cabin lay low?
A sister new sunk in the grave, or
A brother struck down by the foe?

No! Far o'er the broad briny ocean,
In exile her lover must rove,
Because with a true heart's devotion
He worshipped his land and his love;
When the patriots' arms were gleaming,
And foemen in agony lay,
And the Sunburst in splendor was streaming,
His arm was the best in the fray.

By the grave where his brothers are sleeping,
That fell on the field by his side,
When Freedom beside him stood weeping
He vowed yet to make her his bride,
And swore while the fetters were linking
On Erin, no rest would he crave
Till nought but Love's bonds would be linking
The noble, the free and the brave.

P. T. M.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruighiseacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Do labhair áirdri Ghréig an uair sin agus adubhairt, "Cia do geabhainn do dhioghail masiaidh mo mhuintire ar Fhionn agus ar ri na Sorchá." "Do gheabhair mise," ar mac áirdrigh Ghréig féin, "óir do bhéarfad cúig fir deug liom do chomhrac leis na cuig fearaibh deug stá ag Fionn, agus do bhéarfad féin ceann Fhinn chugad agus do bhearfaidh gach fear dom' mhuintir ceann fir d'á mhuintir leis.

Do bhi ingbean óg sontumha ag righ Ghréig, .i. Talse Taoibhgheal a h-ainm: agus amhail théidh an mhuir ós na srothaibh, agus an t-Slonalann ós na h-aibhnibh, agus íolar ós an eunlaith is amhlaidh do chuidh ar dheilbh agus ar áilie agus ar fhaicsin tar mhnáibh na cruinne. Agus thug sí gradh eugmaise d'Fhionn ar mhéid a theiste agus a thuarasgbála ar feadh an domhain. Agus tarras mar athchuingidh ar an righ i féin do léigin d'fheuchain an chómhraic sin do bhi idir Fhionn agus a dearbhráthair. Thug an ri an cead sin di agus rug a cumal coimhdeachda leí.

Is ann sin thug mac áirdrigh Ghréig aghaidh ar an b-puball i n-a raibh Fionn agus ri na Sorcha. "Aithghinim so," ar Fionn, "cómhrac aenfhir do b'áil le mac áirdrigh Ghréig d'fhaghail uaim-se, .i. é féin do chómhrac liomsa agus fear dom' mhuintir do chómhrac leis an bhfear d'á mhuintir-sean." Is an sin thug Fionn agus mac áirdrigh Ghréig aghaidh ar a chéile mar dá leómhain lán-chalma, no mar dá ghriobh ingneacha i n-a n-gaisibh casluatha no gur chriothnaigh an talamh tromfhódach faoi n-a gcosaibh agus gur theilgeadar a g-cuilg comhdhireacha a n-doidibh agus a n-glacaibh le deithnios agus le deaghbhualadh na deise deaghlaoich sin, gur clos i n-altaibh agus i n-imchianaibh iad. Is ann sin thug Fionn béim toirteamhail treun-bhuilleach do mhacrigh Ghréig gur dhuibhraic a cheann d'á cholainn agus d'á chaomhmhuineul do'n bhéim sin. Do léigeadh gáir cosgair agus comhaoidhte le Fionn agus le n-a mhuintir, agus gáir dubhachais agus domhcanmain le muintir chabhlaigh áirdrigh Ghréig. Is ann sin do tóghadh a lia ós a leacht agus do sgriobhadh a n-anmanna i n-ógaim ós cionn gach aonfhior diobh. Agus gidh mór an gradh thug Talse Taoibhgheal d'Fhionn roimhe sin, thug a sheacht n-oiread de grádh dó le linn a dhearbhráthair do mharbhadh: agus cuirios teachtaireacht ós isiol do chum Fhinn d'á fhurail féin air, agus ba luthgháireach lán-intinneach le Fionn sin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

COL. JOHN WARREN.

Part He Took in the Fenian Invasion of Ireland.

Col. John Warren, who was injured by the falling of a piece of stone from the Masonic Temple a few days ago, died last night at the Massachusetts general hospital, says the Boston *Herald* of Sept. 14.

It was largely due to Col. John Warren's insistance upon his rights as an American citizen when captured by the British government during the Fenian invasion of Ireland in 1867, that the two naturalization treaties, proclaimed in 1870 and 1871, were concluded between this country and Great Britain.

Col. Warren was one of a number of members of the Fenian brotherhood, who, in 1867, sailed from Sandy Hook with arms and ammunition on board the brigantine Jackmel, and succeeded in effecting landings in Ireland.

Twenty-seven of the party were captured, and among these were two who were tried for having formed part of an armed expedition destined to aid a rebellion in Ireland. Col. Warren was one of these.

In the Boston *Herald* of Nov. 2, 1890, in an account of the cruise of the Jackmel, is given a statement of the trial of Warren:

"The trial of Warren is likely," it stated, "owing to the course which he adopted on the occasion, to have a place in history. One of its results was an alteration in the laws of America, on a point of great importance to both countries, and this alteration necessitated a corresponding change in the practice of the English courts.

"Col. John Warren is a native of Clonakilty, county of Cork, and of respectable parentage. He came to the United States some years before the war, and, in due time, became a legal citizen.

"Now, the law of England afforded no recognition to this transfer of allegiance, expressly denied the legality of any such act, and claimed as subjects of the British crown, not only all persons born within British jurisdiction, but also their sons and grandsons, wherever their domicile and ther place of birth might be. Between the British law on the subject of allegiance and the American system of naturalization there was, therefore, an irreconcilable difference.

"Col. Warren, on his trial, took his stand on his American citizenship. He claimed to be tried as an alien, and, the bench refusing, he abandoned all legal defence, directed his counsel to withdraw from the case, and put it upon his government to maintain the honor and vindicate the laws of America by affording him protection.

After serving nearly four years of his twenty years' sentence, Col. Warren got out of Chatham prison on March 4, 1869—the day on which Gen. Grant became President of the United States. He returned forthwith to Boston, and has lived here ever since."

Col. Warren, who was brought to Boston when he was a boy, graduated from Comer's college in this city. He was connected with the New York press for some years and later published the first Irish national newspaper in the country, the *Fenian Spirit*, in 1864, also the *Municipal Record* and *Trades Advocate*, and last, the *Irish Republican* in Boston. He afterward went into the real estate, auctioneering and pension business at 34 School street, and at one time was a candidate for the office of collector of internal revenue for the Boston district.

Succeeding the Blaine and Logan campaign he became identified with the national Republican party, and organized the great ratification meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which he presided.

He was an officer in Gen. Meagher's Irish brigade, state centre of the Fenian Brotherhood of New England, and was president of the Charlestown Laborer's Association in 1864, the first labor association organized in this state. He held the rank of general in the Irish Revolutionary brotherhood.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO."

Soon Santa Anna approached with his army, took possession of the town, and invested the fort. The defenders knew there was scarcely a chance of rescue, and that it was hopeless to expect that 150 men, behind defenses so weak, could beat off 4,000 trained soldiers well armed and provided with heavy artillery; but they had no thought of flinching, and made a desperate defense. The days went by and no help came, while Santa Anna got ready his lines and began a furious cannonade. His gunners were unskilled, however, and he had to serve the guns from a distance, for when they were posted nearer the American riflemen crept forward under cover and picked off the artillerymen. Old Crockett thus killed five men at one gun. But by degrees the bombardment told. The walls of the Alamo were battered and riddled; and when they had been breached so as to afford no obstacle to the rush of his soldiers, Santa Anna commanded that they be stormed.

The storming took place on March 6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on well and steadily, breaking through the outer defenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand-to-had conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting at the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet; while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them and fought desperately, one against many, and they also used their bowie knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight reeled to and fro between the shattered walls, each American the centre of a group of foes; but for all their strength and their wild fighting courage the defenders were too few and the struggle could have but one end.

One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left. Then these fell, too, and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged that the Mexicans who thronged round about him were beaten back for the moment, and no one dared to run in upon him. Accordingly, while the lancers held him where he was, for, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break out through them, the musketeers loaded their carbines and shot him down; for Santa Anna declined to show him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds he was taken alive and was then shot by Santa Anna's orders; but his fate cannot be told with certainty, for not a single American was left alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell the fight was over. Every one of the hardy men who had held the Alamo lay still in death. Yet they died well avenged, for four times their number of foes fell at their hands in the battle.

Santa Anna had but a short while in which to exult over his bloody and hard won victory. Already a rider from the rolling Texas plains, going north through the Indian Territory, had told Houston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there was kindled a longing to return to the men of his race in the time of their need. Mounting his horse, he rode by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans as a heaven-sent leader. He took command of their forces, 1,100 stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto he and his men charged the Mexican hosts withe cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Almost immediately the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughtor. Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Texas was won at a blow.—*"Hero Tales From American History," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE CONVENTION.

Irish National Alliance.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

The first match is lighted to fire the first gun;
Nail the flag to the mast till the last battle's won,
We band to recover a nation—our own—
Destroy the usurper and banish the throne.

The exiles of Erin now scattered afar—
'Neath the fair Southern cross and the bright Northern star,
In the East and the West far away from her shore—
Meet in council today for the land we adore.

From mountain and valley, from ocean and strand
They've assembled here for their father's land,
Standing shoulder to shoulder the true and brave
Their native land from their foes to save.

With hearts stronger than oak—sinews firmer than steel—
To stand by their country in woe or in weal,
By the "World's Fair Lake" they have gathered here
Round new council fires for their country dear.

They have solemnly sworn by their fathers' God,
To drive the foe from the emerald sod
Of that land oppressed and with slaughter red,
Where the martyrs of freedom so oft have bled.

For the land that they love in shadow and sheen—
With her silvery lakes and her mountains green;
Once the Eden of Europe—a land of bloom—
Now a living grave—now her children's tomb.

The exiles have spoken—their council cheers
Will wake the land from the sleep of years,
Will roll o'er each ocean, be heard on each shore
In the breeze, in the wave, in the billows' roar.

Will arouse the East in the Old Bay State
And westward ring to the Golden Gate;
Proud Lexington hears with a joyous thrill—
And the echoes resound on grand Bunker Hill.

Will cross the Atlantic and reach Lough Foyle—
And thrill o'er each sod of fair Erin's soil—
And patriots whisper "the day has come
For Ireland's freedom with sword and drum."

Then southward will echo the battle cheer—
Be heard at the Cove and on bright Cape Clear,
From fair Wexford issue to Shannon's mouth—
And rouse the sons of the waiting South.

Proud Ulster will come with her bristling steel
As she came to Benburb with her own O'Neil,
While Leinster her country's crusaders shall join
And reverse the disaster she met at the Boyne.

True Connaught shall muster her sons for the fray
From Ennis to Sligo and Killala Bay;
And Munster at Limerick again with her cannon
Drive the English hordes o'er the classic Shannon.

We have waited for peace mid the land's despair;
Now the trumpet's blast! Now the bugle's blare,
The republic's flag for fair Erin we'll raise
Mid the cannon's roar and the battle's blaze.

We will muster again as in 'Ninety-eight
When our fathers fought—and a brighter fate
Be ours, to drive the sons of lust and crime—
Base England's hordes from fair Erin's clime.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the greatest curative agent. It is the one great blood purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York Oct. 2: Mr. and Mrs. Catlin and children, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. McLean, Patrick Ross, Mrs. Rambridge, Mrs. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson and children, Chicago; C. A. L. Stewart, Cairo, Ill.; Mrs. Priddy, Sacramento, Cal.; J. W. Shaw, James Fielding, Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. and Mrs. Lumsden and child, San Diego, Cal.; Alice Sayer, Lincoln, Neb.

NUNS FOR AFRICA.

[Quebec Budget, Sept. 21.]

The 14th of September, at 4 p. m., per steamship Scotchman, witnessed the departure for Natal, South Africa, of two of our most zealous nuns of the General Hospital Convent—Miss Julia Lawlor, daughter of the late Patrick Lawlor, in religion Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart, sister of Mother St. Patrick and of Mrs. John Lane, of this city. [Mother Mary is a sister of Mr. Thomas J. Lawlor of Chicago, and Miss Murphy is his second cousin.—ED.] Mother St. Josephine, sister of Mother St. Clare, of the same convent, and also of Sir Adolphe Caron, Postmaster-General of Canada, accompanied by three novices, Sister Murphy, daughter of our esteemed citizen, Mr. Patrick Murphy, in the employ of Hon. John Sharples; Miss Venner, daughter of Dr. Venner, dentist, of this city, and Miss Begin, of Levis. Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart entered religion on March 19, 1866, and made profession Sept. 17, 1867. They leave their home for an African mission to care for the sick and instruct the Kaffir children at Natal.

The sanitarium of the Sacred Heart is open to all denominations, where the sick enjoy the comfort of having their wants attended to by the good sisters, who try to alleviate their sufferings by their patience and cheerful disposition. What a boon this must prove to the poor shipwrecked sailor far away from his native home among strangers, to know he has some one to care for him. The sanitarium is at Berea Mountain, a short distance from Durban.

The nuns leave London on Oct. 4. A French nun will accompany them on board, having been miraculously cured, to devote herself to the African missions. The sacrifices of Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart and Mother St. Josephine are making must indeed be acute, parting forever from their sisters, where ties of affection have bound them to each other for so many years in the same convent. The inmates of the General Hospital will miss those ministering angels, whose days were passed in deeds of kindness and keeping vigil at night to the dying. We wish them bon voyage, hoping they may be very successful in their arduous undertaking.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a largely attended meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook County, held at its hall, No. 83 Madison street, the following resolutions regarding the deaths of Jeremiah Herbert and James Dougherty were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His heavenly abode from the scene of their temporal labors our late esteemed and worthy brothers, Jeremiah Herbert and James Dougherty, and

WHEREAS, By their death the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook County has lost two honored and respected members, the Catholic church two exemplary and faithful children, and society two honest and distinguished citizens; therefore be it

Resolved, By the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook County in meeting assembled, that while humbly bowing to the will of the Most High, we extend to the bereaved families of our deceased brothers our sincere and heartfelt sympathy for the irreparable loss they have sustained, and earnestly hope that He who decrees all things for the best will cheer and comfort them in their hour of trial and sorrow.

Resolved, That the pure and spotless lives of our departed brothers, as well as their indefatigable efforts in behalf of our illustrious and ennobling order, are worthy of emulation, and should ever serve to keep their memories enshrined in the loving and grateful hearts of their sorrowful brethren.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in THE CITIZEN and the *New World* of Chicago, and a copy of the same be spread upon the records of our society.

J. J. Lamb, W. J. Doherty, and P. B. Flanagan, committee.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

IE GLAMIS CASTLE.

APOCRYPHAL SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY OF "MACBETH."

sit to the Old Tower Where Duncan as Murdered. Mystery Broods Over Ancient Feudal Pile—The Many ndsome Rooms In the Old Building.

was on one of those showery days ch incite rebellion in the heart of a pious Scotchman that I journeyed Forfarshire to visit the Glamis cas- There were broad prospects of val- moor and woodland and entrancing s of the Grampians before the an- village of Glamis was reached and battlemented gateway with its lions curious images was passed. Within ed a splendid park with level mead- and stately avenues, and in the dis- e was one of the oldest castles in land. The residence of Lord Strath- e, famous in the history of the hlands and the apocryphal scene of tragedy of "Macbeth." The central er has stood since the tenth century, two wings were built about it in seventeenth century by the first Earl Strathmore. The name of the first der is unknown, and his work has subjected to structural changes by architects of the reconstruction pe- , who transformed the grim, battle- ted castle in the north into a French onial residence in the style of the eenth century.

nferior to Warwick castle in pictur- neness and scenic surroundings, it eals more strongly to the imagina- as a relic of feudalism, haunted with stly presences and with tragic mem- s. With its richly furnished draw- rooms and costly works of art, the erior of Warwick castle, in spite of antiquity, impresses the visitor as a gnificent modern residence, and this ct is increased when the liveried des conduct large parties through the rtments, catalogue the paintings by masters and estimate the value of l cabinets, tapestries and mosaic ta- .

t Glamis there are no professional des with stale jokes and auction m rhapsodies. The visitor, from the ment he enters the great door at the e of the ancient tower, is convinced t it is a mysterious old castle with et stairways and blood stains on the rs and wonders whether, like Sir lter Scott, he would like to sleep in haunted rooms.

One of the three staircases seen in the ement of the tower leads to the room ere Malcolm II is reputed to have n assassinated, and in one of the up- most chambers a bedstead is pointed as the one on which the king died. another bedroom is shown underneath floor the entrance to a staircase with den passages connecting with other rtments. A secret well in one of the at walls leads to an upper room ere prisoners were once confined. ery time repairs are ordered some covery is made—an unsuspected stair- e or fireplace, or some peculiarity of original design or of the work of reconstruction architects which had viously escaped observation. After ping through the dimly lighted cor- ors the visitor is readily convinced t there is a secret apartment known y to the lord of the castle, and half pects to hear Lady Macbeth "Infirm purpose, give me the daggers," or he sleeping and the dead are but as tures." Even when he is shown into room where Earl Beardie started a me of dice with satan, which was to t until the day of judgment, he lis- s intently and almost fancies that he hear a strange clicking noise like shaking of a dicebox. A rare old ce is Glamis castle! It does not mat- whether the right king was murdered "Macbeth" or whether any sovereign, Duncan or a Malcolm, was ever assas- nated within the castle walls. Mys- y broods over the ancient feudal pile. has the scenic setting for bygone trag- y and ghostly visitations.

There are many handsome rooms in e castle. The dining room is a splen- l banquet hall, with floor and wain- t of oak, a richly carved sideboard d chimney piece, and with the arms d mottoes of the Strathmores and con- cted families emblazoned on the side all. The great hall is a vaulted room th massive stone walls, and it is orned with coats of chain mail, old ne weapons and firearms and hunting phies. The drawing room has antique rniture, an immense fireplace of carved ne, a French ceiling elegantly de- gned, and portraits by Sir Peter Lely d other famous painters. In the bil- rd room there are additional family rtraits and four panels in tapestry rep- senting scenes in the life of Nebuchad- zzar. The chapel is larger and hand- mer than the one in Warwick castle, d it has fine stained glass windows d Biblical scenes painted in panels on the ceiling and side walls. Richly rnished as the great rooms are, it is e central tower, with its spiral stair- ses and dark vaulted corridors, that ves character to the castle as a mediæ- l baronial stronghold.—London Cor. ew York Tribune.

Nuptial Outfits For Hire.

In the window of a curiosity shop in ew York is a sign reading, "Wedding resses to Hire." In a small room at the ar is a big chest. In the big chest are ousseaus of all cuts, materials and zes, together with veils, slippers, etc., match. Some are a little the worse r wear, and time has rubbed the gloss f many. Still, they are fit for an mergency. The dealer said that some the dresses had been worn by at least 0 brides. The meanest nuptial outfit ould be let for $1, the better garmen sting more, of course.—New York etter.

Too Suggestive.

"We don't buy our meat at Dicker's y more."

"Why not?"

"He has a horseshoe nailed over his all."—Detroit Free Press.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

WOOING A WIDOW.

After Considerable Experience Mr. Peterkin Found the Right Method.

"I have often wondered," said Squire Ben, "why it was that some women are overwhelmed with suitors, so to speak, while others have not a solitary one. There is something queer about it, but perhaps it comes from perfectly natural conditions, but of which we are unaware. And this reminds me of a story. Some thirty odd years ago—I don't know exactly how many, but it was some time during the war of the rebellion—I heard a story which a returned soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. The story made such an impression on me that I haven't forgotten it and will tell it in outline.

"Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business in New York city, who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was his way in society more than in trade. He was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady named Violet. He often called upon her and resolved again and again to offer her his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham of one of the sound steamers was often at the house when he called to see Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do or die determination, to ask her if she would be his wife. With remarkable coolness she replied:

" 'You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin. I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company.'

"Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow. A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly and gently remarked: 'My dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard for me to make up my mind between him and his friend, the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year.'

"So poor Peterkin retired once more. The Widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him. Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building. The ropes gave way. It fell and instantly killed the two men.

"Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her, he began: 'My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on Broadway when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead, but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine—my Violet at last.'

" 'Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry, but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry I took the doctor and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Jones I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin.'

"Peterkin was very calm and self contained. He said, 'And will you promise to be mine when the lawyer is no more?' 'Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul.' 'Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last!' "—Boston Herald.

How a Man's Life Was Saved.

The soldier is fed, clothed and housed, and after the bill has been paid he starts with about sixpence in his pocket to spend as he likes after a day of not excessive work. An increase of pay means an increase in the sixpence and an increase in his drinking abilities. Do not cry out that I mean to run down the soldier. He does what other men do—as I do, as you do, so does the soldier. Work over, I turn into my club. I can talk to my friends around the billiard table over a glass of whisky. He turns into his club—the public—and talks to his friends around the bagatelle table, over a pot of beer. I am subject to no temptation to exceed. He is exposed to a great deal, and he does exceed.

The most wretched time in my life was during the Zulu campaign, taken from the comfortable side of life. It was a teetotal war, and I quenched my thirst with weak tea, but my spirit craved for companion spirits, and did not those smaller and weaker units crave as I did? But it was a time when crime among the soldiers was absent.

I met the regiment on its way out of the battle of Ulundi. The men were hot, weary and covered with dust. A company passed, led by a captain. He was of stout habit, and was suffering. He was, moreover, an especial friend, so I pulled out the flask of whisky I had carried in case of emergencies and gave him a drink. The poor fellow's eyes glistened as he pressed it to his lips, and he handed it back with a sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, Jack, you have saved my life!" There were 900 men in the regiment—which of them did not feel as that man felt?—Blackwood's Magazine.

IS THIS A NATION OF GRUMBLERS?

A Hotel Man Says That Guests Here Are Extremely Hard to Please.

"Americans are said to be the best natured people in the world, and it is also often said that they will put up with more inconvenience and discomfort without grumbling than the people of other countries." So spoke a prominent hotel proprietor one evening last week. He went on: "I do not wish to contradict these broad statements only so far as they relate to our people and our hotels. We have by far the best hotels in the world, and this is no idle, Fourth of July boast, and yet of all the people on earth our own are the greatest grumblers and the most exacting after they have placed their names on a hotel register.

"To say that they simply want the earth is sometimes putting it mildly. They want not only that, but want a roof garden on top of it which will permit them to grab the moon. They want the best of rooms, food and drink, baths in every room, electric bells, speaking tubes, stationery and an amount of waiting on that to satisfy some of them would necessitate providing a 'front' for about every guest.

"And, then, if this is all made satisfactory, and there is nothing else to kick about, they kick about the charges. Now, one often hears comparisons made between this country and Europe, to the decided detriment of the United States. If anything goes wrong, it is immediately said that such a state of affairs would not be tolerated in Europe. But one will notice that unfavorable comparisons made between our hotels and those abroad are generally made by Americans who have never visited Europe. Europeans know better. We have the best hotels in the world, and those of London, Paris or Berlin are not to be compared with them. Enlightened foreigners will generally readily admit this themselves. Just now every guest we have wants a private bathroom, and no matter how full the house is feels aggrieved if it cannot be had. There is a man staying in the house who recently returned from Paris. While there he staid at the best or at least the highest priced hotel in the city. But no matter what he was willing to pay he could not get a private bath. He could not even get a bath on the same floor with his suit of rooms, but had to go down stairs to the hotel's public baths.

"Then, again, much has been said about the cost of living in this country compared with that abroad. The truth is, good living costs more in London and Paris than it does in New York. Of course I speak of the comparative prices of the really first class hotels and restaurants. I like to see our people go abroad, as when they get home they are, as a rule, far better satisfied with their own country than they were before, and especially with our hotels and modes of traveling."—New York Tribune.

The Last of the Garrison.

In the course of the giant struggle before Metz, a handful of chasseurs flung themselves into a small red roofed farmhouse, determined to sell their lives dearly. They barricaded the ground floor as strongly as they were able, and from the upper story opened fire on their assailants. For nearly two hours the Prussians were kept at bay. The storm of rifle bullets riddled the roof and upper walls, and finally, one by one, the chassepots were silenced. Concluding that the ammunition of the little stronghold had at length been exhausted, and prepared for a savage hand to hand tussle with the garrison, the Prussians burst through the barricade and effected an entrance.

To their amazement the ground floor was unoccupied save for a little girl of 5, who looked up into their faces with a smile of happy unconcern. She had been playing with her doll, and evidently thought that the heavy firing had been an odd new game which the "grown ups" had been having especially for her amusement. As the big blue eyed sergeant caught her up in his arms and kissed her, she asked, with an air of disappointment, why they had stopped the pretty "boom boom." Through the terrible death wrestle of two mighty nations this happy little house mother had been pleasantly absorbed in family cares. The wrath of kings, the savagery of ancient race hatreds, were things she could not understand, even the hurricane of fire and lead had seemed to her but such strange elemental music as the wren in its nest hears when a thunder shower sweeps over the woodland.

A ladder led to the upper floor of the farmhouse, and when the conquerors ascended they found among the wreckage of shattered roof and crumbling walls the rest of the garrison—no more than nine in all—lying dead. Beside them lay the mother of the child, with a chassepot still clutched in her hand.—Good Words.

Rossini's Memory.

Rossini's memory was lacking in retentiveness, especially in respect to the names of persons who had been introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently a cause of amusement whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr."— but the name escaped his memory, and to convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart," as Bishop had been dubbed, recognized quite as readily as if his ecclesiastical surname had been mentioned.

Mme. Rostowska.

Mme. Rostowska of Lille, France, is 112 years old and a major's widow. She was the cantiniere of a Polish regiment in the Russian campaign, was under fire 12 times, received three wounds and was decorated with the silver cross. Besides this, she has survived her 15 children, the last of whom she buried at the age of 80.

CHEESE ROLLING ON STATEN ISLAND.

A Muscular and Skillful Italian Can Win Many Pounds of Parmesan.

A favorite sport among the better class of Italians in New York is cheese rolling. In the rural districts of this country it used to be the custom at some fairs and merrymakings to stick a cheese on the top of a tall pole. The countrymen would all try their hardest to shin up the pole to capture the cheese, and the successful man walked off with his prize. In the Italian game the successful man walks off with the cheese, but he does not climb any pole for it. The winner is he who can roll the cheese farthest, and to him belong the cheeses of the other contestants.

Just back of South Beach there is an Italian hotel, with a picturesque arbor facing on the road. This arbor, which is covered with vines, is extensive and is used as a dining room by the guests. The Italians who come from all over New York city to witness or take part in the cheese rolling contest first of all dine in the great vine clad arbor. They feast to their hearts' content on minestra, olives, spaghetti, fresh veal stuffed and other Italian dishes. The stone tables are heaped with Italian dainties and bottles of the imported wines so dear to the average Italian. It is not to be supposed that ice cream venders and "hokey pokey" men are among the diners. They are portly barbers, wine merchants and prosperous business men. Imported wines are too expensive for the fruit venders and peanut men, who besides cannot afford to miss their Sunday trade, for it is only on Sundays that the cheese rolling contests are held.

After the dinner everybody flocks to the roadside, where the cheese rolling takes place. A level strip of road is necessary. This must be of considerable length. The cheeses are wound round with a band of cotton, which is grasped by the player and enables him to swing the cheese with considerable force. Parmesan cheeses are used, on account of their hardness and the toughness of the black rind. The cheeses are worth 30 cents a pound, and they weigh from 10 to 40 pounds apiece. Any number of people can play—at least as many as have cheeses, for the contestants supply their own cheeses, and the winner takes the lot.

Each player winds the band round his cheese, and with a mighty effort sends the heavy disk bowling along the road. From the point where it stops he throws it again, and the player covering the greatest distance in four throws wins all the other cheeses. Some of the good players can cover an extraordinary distance with even a heavy cheese, 20 pounds or more. A Brooklyn Italian, who is considered a champion, has sent his cheese 800 feet in a single throw. He has stocked his store with Parmesan cheeses and sold a good many to his less fortunate competitors. The cheeses are expensive, and a cheese of ordinary size will easily be worth $5.

Sometimes a cheese will strike a stone with such force as to smash it all to pieces despite the toughness of its rind. When this occurs, which is seldom, a wail goes up from the crowd, and the unfortunate owner uses more forcible words in five minutes than he will use in the rest of the week.

If the cheeses do not break, the rolling is said to improve them. Though the rolling looks easy, a trial will convince the novice to the contrary. The cheese will probably travel about 20 feet and then ignominiously roll into the ditch. After the contest is decided the players retire to the dining room and fight their battles again verbally over flasks of Chianti. The scene furnishes a pretty little picture of Italian life when the swarthy sons of Italy make up their minds to enjoy themselves.—New York Tribune.

Poisoned Arrows.

The use of poisoned arrows in primitive warfare is undoubtedly of very ancient origin. The custom is mentioned by Strabo, Pliny and Aristotle, all of whom agree that it was well known in both prehistoric Europe and Asia. In later times the Celts and Gauls envenomed their arrow and spear shafts with the juices of the hellebore, and the American and Australian savages with serpent venom and virus from decaying flesh.

The very earliest mention of the Scythians refers to them as "a people who prepare arrow poison by mixing serpent venom with the virus of putrid blood serum." At the time of the discovery of America the Indians were as well skilled in the science of preparing arrow poison as the Scythians or any other early tribe of European or Asiatic people. The favorite mode as practiced by the American aborigines was to kill some wild animal, a deer or buffalo preferred, remove its liver and cause a heavily envenomed reptile to strike its fangs into it until the meat turned green with poison. If one serpent did not supply enough, others were obtained, and the work of enraging the creatures and causing them to strike the liver was kept up until the desired results were obtained. One large liver thus prepared would furnish poison enough to coat the shafts of 10,000 arrows. The Smithsonian institute has hundreds of these poisoned arrows, the microscope showing that most of them have been poisoned with rattlesnake venom.—St. Louis Republic.

Growth of Berlin and Glasgow.

"I know of no cities in this country," says an American abroad, "not even Chicago, that impress one so with a sense of newness and of great development as Berlin and Glasgow. I remember Berlin 15 years ago, when it seemed hardly as much of a city as Dresden. Now it is so wonderfully built up and improved that New York seems in comparison with it an old established community, slow in its growth. It is much the same with Glasgow, whose progress in recent years has been little less than marvelous. If there are any Americans who still think that our cities are the only ones that grow like weeds I would advise them to take a trip abroad."

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Monigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

St Ambrose No 25—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrach, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibuch; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Mindauler, 695 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Carney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harrard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, W C Kirwin, 5722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont-av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Scnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakwood avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Prairie, 2838 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 258 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d W... [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deasc, 352 E Division st; F S, W J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

Statement of condition at close of business September 28, 1895.

ASSETS.

ans and discounts		$18,408,689.22
nk building		500,000.00
ited States bonds (par value)		171,850.00
her bonds (market value)		1,643,131.91
ash resources:		
e from banks (Clear		
ing exchanges)	$3,471,141.46	
ecks for clearing	2,033,113.81	
ash on hand	7,997,759.76	
e from U. S. Treas		
rer	29,250.00	
		13,201,265.03
		$33,924,936.16

LIABILITIES.

apital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
rplus fund	2,000,000.00
her undivided profits	299,714.31
eposits	28,625,221.85
	$33,924,936.16

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

L. M. NICKERSON, L. J. GAGE,
C. D. GRAY, S. W. ALLERTON,
C. C. NICKERSON, NELSON MORRIS,
C. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE,
NORMAN B. REAM, A. A. CARPENTER,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK.

At the close of Business Sept. 28, 1895.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$4,581,812.28
Overdrafts		6,106.37
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		450,028.61
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$1,622,703.80	
Due from banks	1,118,181.19	
Checks for Clearings	139,324.88	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	23,250.00	
		2,903,459.87
Total		$7,991,407.13

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	139,855.06
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$5,520,874.09
Due banks	1,285,677.98
	6,806,552.07
Total	$7,991,407.13

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

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SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

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and STERLING SILVERWARE.

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Established 1860. Phone 3885.

P. M'HUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1316 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the October Term A. D. 1895. Nancy M. Hoener vs. Rosa Z. Kelly alias Rose Z. Kelly, Cassius M. Lawson, John W. Sexton, Henry S. Thornbusch and Horatio L. Walt. In Chancery. No. 147,540.

Notice is hereby given to the said John W. Sexton and Cassius M. Lawson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1895 as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

P. McHugh, Compl't's Sol'r.
1316 Chamber of Commerce.

GORE'S FIREPROOF HOTEL.

This splendid hotel, newly furnished, and equipped throughout in first-class style, is conducted on the European plan, and is worthy the attention of all visitors to the city, being centrally located on South Clark-st., near VanBuren, which is the heart of the business district. The rooms are commodious, well appointed, and can be obtained at a reasonable charge. The Restaurant is first-class in every respect, and is one of the most extensively patronized in the city.

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FRANK SAYER OSBORNE, PROPRIETOR.

Get a Bicycle and Save Car Fare. The

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

Will give a $40.00 Bicycle or $40.00 in cash to every man, woman and child who will sell 100 tons of Coal at the following prices to be delivered within 60 days from date:

Large Egg	$5.25	Small Egg	$5.50
Range	$5.50	Chestnut	$5.50
Brazil Block	$3.50	Briar Block Nut	$3.00
Clear Lump	$2.50	Clear Nut	$2.25

All wishing to take advantage of this offer call at the office and get contracts.

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This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

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ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

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JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

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Sole Proprietors of

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Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

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Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

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64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Sept. 28, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,299,561.17
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		27,199.25
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		200,437.64
Real estate		33,260.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$2,777,071.61	
Due from banks and bankers	2,121,105.90	
Exchanges for clearing-house	390,871.34	
		5,289,049.85
Total		$15,001,757.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		293,699.50
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		30,150.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$8,344,438.16	
Banks	4,288,470.25	
		12,632,908.41
Total		$15,001,757.91

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. ADAMS, S. B. COBB,
CHAS. R. CORWITH, WM. A. HAMMOND,
ROBT. E. JENKINS, WM. D. KERFOOT,
ALB'RT A. MUNGER, WM. R. PAGE,
WALTER L. PECK, AUG. S. CAMPBELL,
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AND

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FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

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ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

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P. H. Heffron.

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Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
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303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

5 DAYS

7 Hours, 23 Minutes.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

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620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.

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520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power.

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an Incomparable Fleet of Fast Express Passenger Steamers.

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Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

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A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

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